FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe WOLSELEY do

THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 9, 1939
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVIII No. 2068 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 9 1939

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE —of course!

For HEADACHE & NEURALGIA
1/3 & 3/- IN TABLET OR POWDER FORM
Cephos (Pronounced See-foss) REGd THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
is safe and certain

NOW DEAF EARS CAN HEAR AGAIN
Simply and Inconspicuously as Nature intended!
The latest discovery by the "Ardente" Scientists gives True-to-Tone Hearing to sufferers from the isolating handicap of deafness, even the so-called 'STONE' DEAF. Whether young, middle aged or old, rich or poor, using an aid or not—you must try this new "Ardente" way to Better Hearing for Church, Radio, Talkies, Business, Home, Sport, etc.
NOTHING IN or ON the EARS.
CALL FOR FREE TEST or Write for details, 'Medical Reports' and a FREE TEST in your own HOME
The address YOU want is
309 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
(Between Oxford Circus & Bond St.) Mayfair 1380/1718
Ardente Ltd. have Test and Service Bureaux for your convenience
Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leicester, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton
MR. H. DENTS Ardente FOR DEAF EARS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
When you are dining out ask for Drambuie. You will enjoy its exquisite flavour and intriguing bouquet.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
RONUK SANITARY POLISHES
SUPREME FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE
GOLD MEDAL OF 17th INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF MEDICINE
BLUE SEAL CERTIFICATE OF ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH & HYGIENE, AND NINE MEDALS OF ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE

A Child's Gratitude
We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt.
N·S·P·C·C
Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

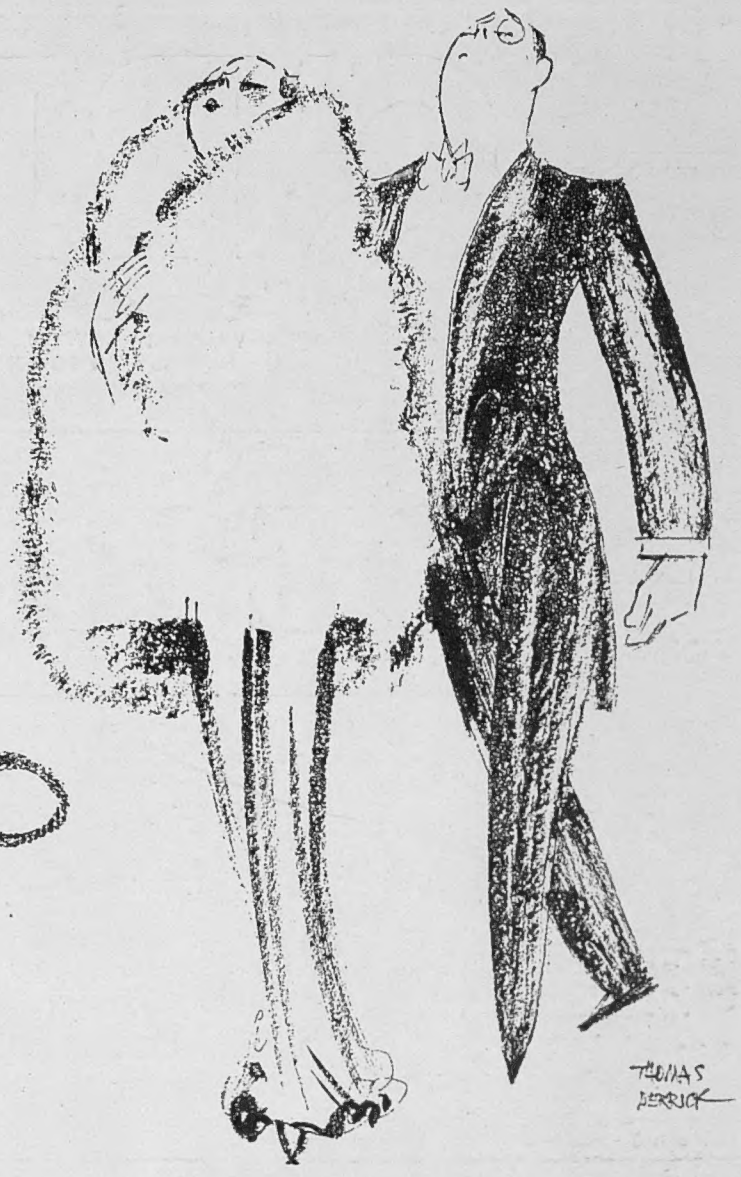
Try CUSENIER'S
435 LIQUEURS (36 Kinds)
NONE BETTER IN THE WORLD
OFFER GUESTS THE THREE BELOW:
FREEZOMINT
The leading brand of Crème de Menthe
APRICOT BRANDY • CRÈME DE CACAO

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10. ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

FORESTALLS

but

SHELL for GO



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

GOOD TASTE marks her choice in most things. With cigarettes her preference is 'cork-tipped', but for good taste she knows they must always be—

Player's

PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED · MEDIUM OR MILD · 10 for 6½D · 20 for 1/0½D

N.C.C.4860

Altitude record

VANTELLA SHIRTS are the highest possible achievement in appearance and comfort. Collars and cuffs curve-woven by Van Heusen — unshrinkable neckbands — three sleeve-lengths to every size. The fabrics used are the best of their kind available anywhere, the designs are a perfect compromise between novelty and convention. It is impossible to look overdressed in a Vantella shirt. Zephyr 9/6, Poplin-de-luxe 10/9. Van Heusen collars to match 1/3 each.

'VANTELLA' SHIRTS *regd.* **MADE TO MATCH**

'VAN HEUSEN' COLLARS *regd.*

Van Heusen neckbands, semi-stiff collars & cuffs made exclusively by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd., London

APPLY FOR PATTERN BOOK TO COTELLA LTD., 14 MOOR LANE, E.C.2

Volume CLVIII No. 2068

The SPHERE, London, September 9, 1939

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A WAR PROCLAMATION READ WITH HISTORIC CEREMONY IN LONDON CITY

On Monday, September 4, 1939

The state of war which was broadcast to the nation on Sunday received a further ratification in an official proclamation made in front of the Royal Exchange in the centre of the City. The proclamation was read by Mr. W. J. Boston, Salt-bearer and acting Common Crier. The proclamation covered matters of contraband—arms and ammunition, fuel of all kinds, all means of communication, and of transportation (including animals), coin, bullion, currency, evidences of debt, metal materials, food, forage and clothing

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE KING'S MESSAGE

Sunday, Sept. 3, 1939

"But far more than this—the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of the security of justice and liberty among nations would be ended.

"This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world's order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge.

"It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my people across the seas, who will make our cause their own.

"I ask them to stand calm, firm and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God.

"If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail.

"May He bless and keep us all."

A WAR NEWSLETTER:

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, September 6, 1939.

AT WAR.—And so the thing that has hung over us, the thing we have dreaded and thought impossible, the horror and imbecility of war, is come on us. European war has broken out, and Britain is in it to the hilt. The Premier has made the issue clear. One man, Hitler, could have prevented it at any time; but the insane ambition and vanity of this one man must be fed on the blood of hundreds of thousands of innocent people. Small wonder if Mr. Chamberlain's voice choked as he spoke of this man. He has personal cause enough to hate him for his treachery. . . . The Ems telegram, the Polish terms . . . History repeated itself, and German methods do not change. The whole country accepted the decision without question. There could be no other. We were not only bound in honour. Every man and woman realised we had reached the point when Nazi tyranny could no longer be suffered to poison human life and murder mankind's peace and security. The war found us calm, resolute, united, prepared. The memory of the last great war is still fresh and still often bitter. Some there be who will be still young enough to undergo active service in the field in both world wars. Our memories remind us that war brings out what is noblest and basest in mankind. Infinite courage, patience, sacrifice; and lies, injustice, self-seeking, and that unspeakable misery of mind which comes from a contemplation of waste and destruction on a large scale. This war, if ever a war was so, is for Britain a people's war; there are no classes, no social ranks. This war, at least and at last, must be fought democratically. The widow in the by-street has already shown that she ranks with the highest in the land in the qualities which war leadership demands. Remembering the bitterest memories of the last war, I think the prayers of many of us include one special plea that *this time* there shall be no favourites, no scrambling for war honours and rewards, no section of the community having "a good war," none of those shameless evidences revealed in such books as *Repington's Diary*. It will be hell for everybody. For the sane man's hell is waste, destruction and the drying-up of all the wells and sources of constructive inspiration and invention for the betterment of mankind. We have begun well. I think at no time in the last war was there in evidence more unity, unanimity, courage, calmness, kindliness and fellow-feeling, than in this September, 1939. It may be, when the foul duty is done and the sacrifices all made to the full, a better world, a new and more sane and decent order, may emerge. We know already that economic facts will ensure that it will be a simpler, more truly democratic order, which will emerge in Britain. Let us keep up our spirits and the fine spirit in which we have begun. Let us eschew gossip, keep our ears open and our mouths shut, obey our leaders, forget ourselves, remember our neighbours, endure, hope, and not lose all our faith in our religious belief that God is not for ever mocked. "The sun has set," Mr. Inglesant said cheerfully, "but it will rise again."

SEPTEMBER, 1939.—"A pleasanter, smoother journey we couldn't have had," said the first teachers to arrive very punctually at 10 o'clock at our village hall. "Everybody was as kind as possible." And the children looked neither sad nor tired, but cheerful and interested. And in our village the mechanism worked smoothly enough. Sometimes there seemed to be more "lions" than "Christians," for the array of red-cross nurses—familar, unfamiliar figures of village life—was like an army with banners; but really the first day's programme was quite smoothly carried out, with never a grouse or a tear; and there was a lot of cheery banter and endless kindness. There was tragedy enough in London round the hospitals as the evacuation of the sick proceeded. Before noon we knew that Germany had begun the war against Poland before Poland had a chance to read through Germany's so-called conditions, and that Hitler desired to fight it alone without allies intervening (on either side)! Soon after we heard that the battle was joined all along the Polish front and Warsaw under aerial bombardment. As the day wore on, the great anxiety was for the announcement of the intentions of the British and French Governments. For here was war begun against Poland, the swastika flying over Danzig, Danzig incorporated in the Reich and still, it seemed, we were not clear if the juncture had arrived for our cashing the promises made. It was very puzzling until we heard the Premier's statement to the House. Then we knew where we stood and what is before us. It is the mothers of London and the great cities who have shown us the way we must walk in. They have already set the standard by which this war is to be fought in our Empire. It is a people's war, with no barriers of class left standing. And the essential work proceeds quietly and efficiently. There remains for me no more but to cast back in memory to the days last past and to all our speculations and hopes, so many of which have to-day been resolved, explained, or shattered.

PARLIAMENT MEETS TO-DAY — PAGE 3

DAILY SKETCH

£500 MILLION WAR VOTE

BRITAIN, FRANCE SEND ULTIMATUMS

BRITAIN LAST NIGHT SENT GERMANY THE FOLLOWING ULTIMATUM:—

'Unless the German Government is prepared to give the British Government assurances that Germany has suspended aggressive action against Poland and is prepared promptly to withdraw its forces from Polish territory the British Government will without hesitation fulfil its obligations to Poland.'

LIGHTS-OUT ORDER

STOP PRESS

BARGAINS BY POST — See Page 3

News

Responsibility . . . lies on shoulders of one man, the German Chancellor, who has not hesitated to plunge the World into misery in order to serve his own senseless ambition. —Mr. Premier

BRITAIN TELLS NOTE TO GERM

Churchill And Eden For War Cabinet

Ribbentrop Says He Consult The Fueh

ACCORDING TO AN OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUÉ FR GERMAN TROOPS WHICH YESTERDAY INVASION OF POLAND AT 5 A.M. ARE ADV ALL FRONTS.

THE CRITICAL WEEK-END IN WHICH
On Saturday an ultimatum was sent to the German Government, discussion. The German Government refusing,

M. DALADIER'S ADDRESS TO FRANCE

Sunday, Sept. 3, 1939

"Time presses. France and Britain will not stand by at the destruction of a friendly people. The aggression against Poland is a new enterprise of violence against Britain and France. It is not a question of German-Polish conflict. It is a question of a new attempt by the Hitler dictatorship at the domination of Europe and the world.

"A France which would allow this aggression to be carried out would soon be scorned, isolated, discredited, helpless and before long delivered over to the most formidable of onslaughts.

"After the repudiation of the guarantees given to Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland, the aggressors would turn against France.

"On our honour, we have no hate for any people of the world, and if we shirked our duty it would be only a precarious peace. We should be no more than a wretched people reduced to defeat and servitude.

"When our soldiers are rejoining their regiments none of them has in his heart any hate for the German people. But all are ready to do their duty. Peace-loving as they are, they are ready to defend the dignity and existence of their country, which is at stake."

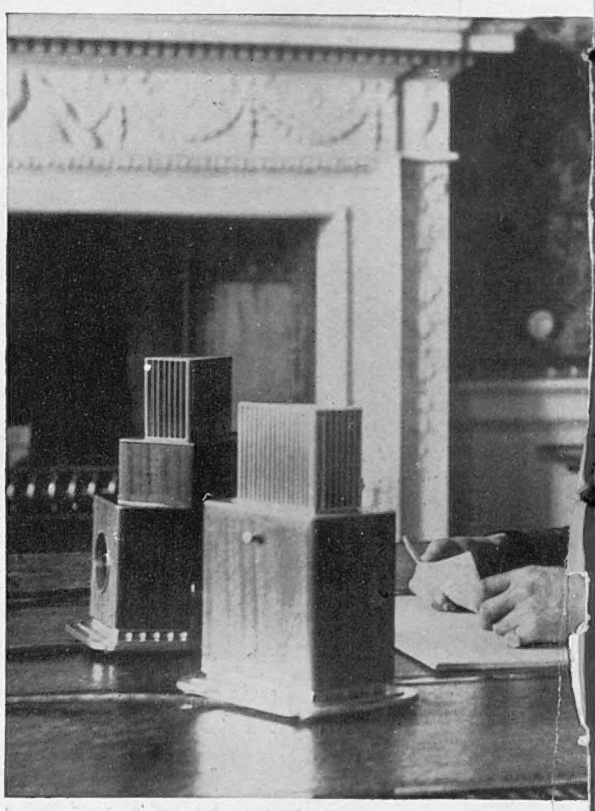
WAR DECLARED 5 p.m.

TURKEY ANSWERS THE KING'S MESSAGE

Saturday, Sept. 2, 1939

President Ineunu of Turkey, receiving a personal message from the King, said he was profoundly satisfied to know that the two peoples are bound by ties of friendship. He wished "to inform His Majesty that, in the difficult period the world is going through, he feels equal satisfaction at the bonds of friendship which strongly unite Turkey and Britain."

LOOKING BACK.—Most men have been busy during this critical fortnight past. Few can have had time to jot down in diary form the phases, changes, reactions from despair to hope, which came to them with each item in the march of events. Those events moved far too swiftly, of course, for any journalist who was not seated within 50 ft. of the printing press, handling his daily paper's special editions. The weekly journalist was quite out of the running. His news and views were stale in two hours and antediluvian before they saw the light in print. One blushed for one's pre-Adamite fossils of thought and news. Some of the reflections, on this most frightful of all our fortnights in the nightmare of the years, which have bitten deepest into my heart, are: —First: The extraordinary absence of leakage concerning the Hitler-Henderson message to the British Government. There was never a scintilla of belief in any of the "inspired" press solutions. But I think many sensitive people felt about 5 o'clock on Sunday, 27th, a sudden sense of relief, a clutching at the heart, which seemed to come from a belief that those in the know in London were aware that an unexpected gleam of hope had shown through. We leaped to the conclusion, almost to the certainty, that Hitler's message to Britain, despite the mingled "sweet reasonableness" and truculence of his reply to M. Daladier, had contained an indication at least that he was wobbling and that that change, that vital change of heart, was not altogether impossible. Second: That there was by Sunday, 27th, not a man or woman in this country, who, having given their *all* as hostages with fortune, would not prefer war *now*, and with its worst implication, to any "patch-up" which would produce the same intolerable months of uncertainty and bitterness and intense anxiety which followed Munich. For these latest experiences have reached the limit of human forbearance and we cannot face them again. Third: We have not bothered yet to consider what these defence measures have cost our pockets. We have not been able to avoid considering what the crisis has cost the health of the nations. The civilised world was like chewed string after Munich. What after August, 1939? Daily, hourly, we have opened our papers, or turned on our wireless, with that same tug at the heart which perhaps four times a year during the late war foot soldiers endured when they went over the top at zero hour. How long can human beings endure so great a strain on their hearts and nerves? Fourth: That we had done with compromise. War or arbitrament, this must be the end of Hitler and Nazi domination. We would support no longer any government that accepted a compromise


THE KING BROADCASTING FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE AT 6 O'CLOCK ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 3

by the Old Stager—September, 1939

which left Hitler the power to keep the sword suspended. We are united behind the Government on this clear understanding. In a word, we began to believe that Hitler in his latest diplomatic triumphs signed his own death warrant. Ribbentrop was too clever. The pitcher went once too often to the well.

Chronicle

'SUMMER PIE'

100 pages for 6d.

'Germany is ready to wage a ten years' war against Britain.'
—Official German News Agency.

'I have once more put on that coat that was the most sacred and dear to me.'—Hitler in Reichstag.

ITLER TO STOP:
NY LAST NIGHT

Home Front:—
Radio, Rents, Food, Football

LATE NEWS

Imperial

The Dai

GREAT BRITAIN AT WAR

THE KING'S MESSAGE TO THE EMPIRE

MR. CHURCHILL FIRST LORD: POST FOR MR. EDEN

PREMIER SETS UP WAR CABINET

VISCOUNT GORT TO COMMAND FIELD FORCE

WAR CABINET OF NINE

MR. CHURCHILL BACK AT ADMIRALTY

MINISTER OF HOME SECURITY

WAR WAS DECLARED WITH GERMANY: requiring withdrawal of troops from Poland as a pre-requisite to any war was declared at 11 a.m., September 3

PARLIAMENT ON AUGUST 29.—

In this short meeting of the Houses there was a very brief and necessarily guarded reference by the Government leaders to the negotiations which told us nothing still of the nature of Hitler's communications. Mr. Chamberlain devoted most of his speech to a review of our war preparedness. The only surprise, to my mind, was the absence from it of any reference to Britain's determination here and now to end, by whatever means, Hitler's continued power to hold the sword of Damocles over civilisation. It was left to Mr. Greenwood to express that point which is to-day the most solid, the essential, mortar which binds us together in national unity. It is no longer a question of war or avoidance of war. It is, first and last, a determination to take out of Hitler's hand the thread which suspends this sword. And every hour of those long days revealed more and more evidence that the world was growing solid in the opinion that that was the one thing instantly needful by whatever means. And it grew more and more clear that that opinion was not confined to the world outside the Axis. Italy felt it, the German people clearly felt it. And who doubts that Hitler himself realised at last that the eternal truth bound him, as it has bound every other who has tried to dominate the world? He saw himself at last a man, with the frailties of all humans, a man out of his depth, a man who had aspired to godhead and now felt himself spinning swiftly down from Olympus to the hard earth. We sensed a whine in his habitual truculence and terror in his heart.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR—58TH MINUTE.

—On the last day of August came the announcement of precautionary evacuation to be begun on September 1 and to continue on the following days. The arrangements necessitated the closing of roads out of the cities affected and the almost total taking over of the railway services during evacuation hours each day. A further stage to complete mobilisation was also announced. So September 1 was to be a day which would be burned deep in the hearts of many thousands of poor mothers, come war or not. For them the separation from their children had in it all the reality of separation as if the guns were even now firing and the messengers of death on the wing. So far as their feelings were concerned, it was the real thing. All accounts agree with the general courage, resignation, restraint, calmness; the forethought and efficiency of the preparations added poignancy to the drama. This war—for it is as much a war as it was in 1914, if fought with different weapons so far—is a people's war. There are no ranks of merit. The "orders and decorations" are being hourly earned by poor women in the mean streets. They are the first to go over the top; the first and the last to suffer, as ever. I have spoken with scores of simple folk these last days.

"In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message . . ."

POLAND'S RESPONSE

MARSHAL SMIGLY-RYDZ COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Saturday, Sept. 2, 1939

"Soldiers, — The Germans, our traditional enemy, attacked the Polish Republic yesterday, violating the whole frontier. The hour has come to fulfil our duty as soldiers.

"You are fighting for the future existence of Poland. The enemy must pay with his blood for each step which he has made in Polish territory.

"However long the war lasts and however great the sacrifices which it will entail, the final victory will be for us and our allies."

AN AMERICAN RESPONSE

Sunday, Sept. 3, 1939

A responsible official said: "This is not 1914. The American people now know perfectly well the issues involved. They have already made up their minds on them, and the whole world knows where their sympathies lie."

Another official said: "We are witnessing the horrible spectacle of a whole nation led by a madman towards its destruction. There is every reason to doubt the sanity of the leader of the unhappy German people."

None I met took the point that all this infinite labour, anxiety, and trouble, these agonies of mind, were brought about to settle the nationality of a town whose position on the map of Europe most of them could not mark within 500 miles of certainty. They could all see beyond Danzig to the boundaries of human freedom threatened with destruction. They all saw that this was to be the end, one way or another, of intolerable uncertainty. But everyone saw and made the point that one man, one individual, was the cause, and could be the resolver, of the nightmare. One man held and had held in his hands for a year, the keys of the heaven and hell of all the rest of suffering humanity. And in their various ways they expressed their opinion of the madness and badness of a social structure where such an infinite absurdity was possible. And while the first evacuation trains were sliding out of the cities we learned the details of one more mockery of civilised diplomacy. Hitler's broadcast terms to Poland — proposals which apparently Germany considered as rejected before Poland had had a chance to skim the headings of the clauses; terms which apparently bore no relation to the lines of the long and anxious and secret discussions with the British Government. And still the issue of war or further negotiation hung in the balance on the morning of September 1. . . .

THE PRIME MINISTER ANNOUNCES A STATE OF WAR

Sunday, Sept. 3, 1939

"Sir, that was a final Note. No such undertaking was received by the time stipulated, and consequently this country is now at war with Germany.

"I am in a position to inform this House that, according to arrangements made between the British and French Governments, the French Ambassador in Berlin is at this moment making a similar demarche, also accompanied by a definite time-limit.

"The House has already been made aware of our plans, and, as I said the other day, we are ready.

"It is a sad day for all of us. For none is it sadder than for me. Everything that I have worked for, everything that I had hoped for, everything that I believed in during my public life has crashed into ruins this morning.

"There is only one thing left for me, and that is to devote what strength and powers I have to forwarding the victory of the cause for which we have to sacrifice so much.

"I cannot tell what part I may be allowed to play myself, but I trust I may live to see the day when Hitlerism has been destroyed and a restored and liberated Europe has been re-established." (Cheers.)

WAR DECLARED 11 a.m.

BEDFELLOWS.—Necessity, it is well said, makes strange bedfellows. This truth was discovered as soon as beds were invented. It struck half England very strongly when six months ago we began to woo the Soviets and it struck half the world with its truth when Germany slipped into the half of that Soviet bed which was being warmed with a British hot-water bottle. The new set-to-partners did not make the situation less obscure. Within twenty-four hours, Japanese soldiers were saluting British officers and fraternising with their old allies, the British Tar and Tommy. The anti-British campaign was virtually dead and Germans were being stripped at the barriers. Spain had cooled towards the Axis, Russia was preparing a redoubled offensive in Manchukuo, the Peace Front was more solid than ever, Italy more than ever determined to stand for peace and restraint, and in every country, Germany included, Nazis, Fascists and Communists outdid each other in declaring that their cause had been betrayed. The effect in the new world was not less instant and tremendous. Within three days Britain and France had discovered that Hitler's latest diplomatic triumph had done more for the Peace Front than ever the conclusion of a Soviet-Anglo-French pact could have done. What was more, it took but forty-eight hours for bewilderment to clear away and for Britain, for the critics of the Premier, and for the whole world, save Nazi Germany, to realise that the clumsy methods of open diplomacy, if slow and intensely irritating, were still the best that have been devised among the nations. Of all Hitler's petards, this last hoisted him soonest and highest.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—In all the uncertainty of the most tense week-end perhaps in the history of this land and of Europe, when the state of the heart of Hitler would decide the fate of civilisation, one of the gleams which came through the black cloud was the thought of that unusually large-scale return of Germans from England to Germany. In the past weeks a few here and there have come and gone on their lawful occasions, many Austrians have served a term in domestic employment and gone home again, most of them perhaps too simple to explain very clearly or widely the nature of the British people. But now, in the hour of fate, a larger scale return of nationals of Germany, including many well educated, has taken place. They left our shores crying "Heil Peace" and exchanging friendly greetings. It is possible that their testimony to the still real and warm sympathy between the two peoples, as people, may get through the barriers set up by intense nationalism, and that the good seed of better understanding and sympathy may take root and some of the lies and half truths and ignorance of this country and its policy and thoughts be resolved.

WATERWAYS OF KINDLINESS.—There is something about water as an element which gives it Christian virtues denied to the others. Well, I cannot speak for the air. I know too little about it, but it is noisy, quarrelsome and murderous quite often with its fighters, bombers and wireless propaganda. But water certainly seems to make folk who sail on it or swim in it or play by it very kindly and friendly to each other. Yachtsmen and other boat users always seem to encourage and help and welcome others. It is not so on the roads. On the seashores of Britain, a quite extraordinary friendliness seems to pervade the holiday spirit. We retrieve each other's babies and balls, respect each other's pitches and sand castles, exchange buns and borrow spades. It is not so on the commons or on inland spaces. But on the seashore old Neptune—that great-hearted, kindly man—blows his wreathed horn and the lion lies down with the lamb. Water, whether fresh or salt, seems to clean away our vices and irritations and suspicions and to wash our souls. No doubt that is why anglers are in the main kindly, peace-loving folk.

WAR PICTURES from POLAND

EXPECTANCY ON A POLISH HIGHWAY AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

Troops and civilians from the town shown in background are waiting for news of air raiders. A large number of small towns and villages have been strafed

A POLISH ARTILLERY COLUMN MOVING TO THE FRONT

The first stages of the Polish-German state of war have been quite open and cavalry have been able to operate effectively at several points. *Below*—A Polish military train using up-to-date cookers

IN COMMAND

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, HEAD OF A LOYAL AND DEVOTED ARMY

Seen here with Her Majesty the Queen. A group taken on Sunday, September 3

NAVY; THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

Mr. Winston Churchill returned at the beginning of the week to his former Great War position at the Admiralty

of the FORCES

ARMY: THE NEWLY-APPOINTED COMMANDER - IN - CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FIELD FORCES

General Viscount Gort, V.C., seen leaving the War Office on Monday

AIR: THE AIR CHIEF MARSHAL

Sir Cyril Newall, Air Chief Marshal, leaving Downing Street on Monday, September 4

The GERMANS Leave LONDON

THE GERMAN LEGATION OFFICIALS LEAVE LONDON

Two impressions of Dr. Kordt, German Chargé d'Affaires, who left London with his wife upon the declaration of war

ALL THEATRES CLOSE DOWN AS A RESULT OF A WAR ORDER

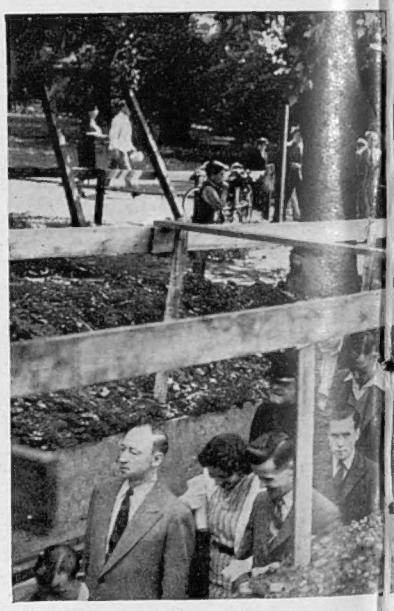
London and the provinces were equally affected by the war order concerning places where crowds were likely to congregate, especially during the evening. Here at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, they are drawing on the covers. *Below*—Cleverly-built trailer-pumps being fixed to taxis in the London area

THE CROWD OUTSIDE 10, DOWNING STREET ON SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3

A large crowd gathered outside waited during the time he was

THE PRIME MINISTER SETS OUT FOR THE HOUSE ON SUNDAY MORNING

It was an extraordinary scene—early-autumn sunshine streaming down on Whitehall as the Premier's car left for the House amid heartfelt cheers from the spectators



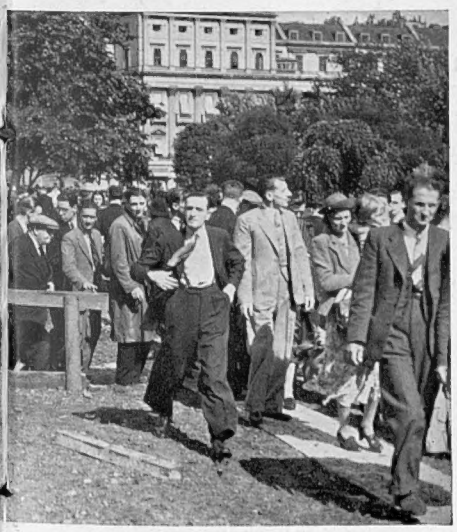
THE FIRST AIR-RAID WARNING IS HEARD IN LONDON, SUNDAY, 11.17 A.M.

THE DAY of the WAR DECLARATION

Scenes in Whitehall on the Sunny Sunday Morning

the Prime Minister's House at 11 o'clock and broadcasting the announcement of war

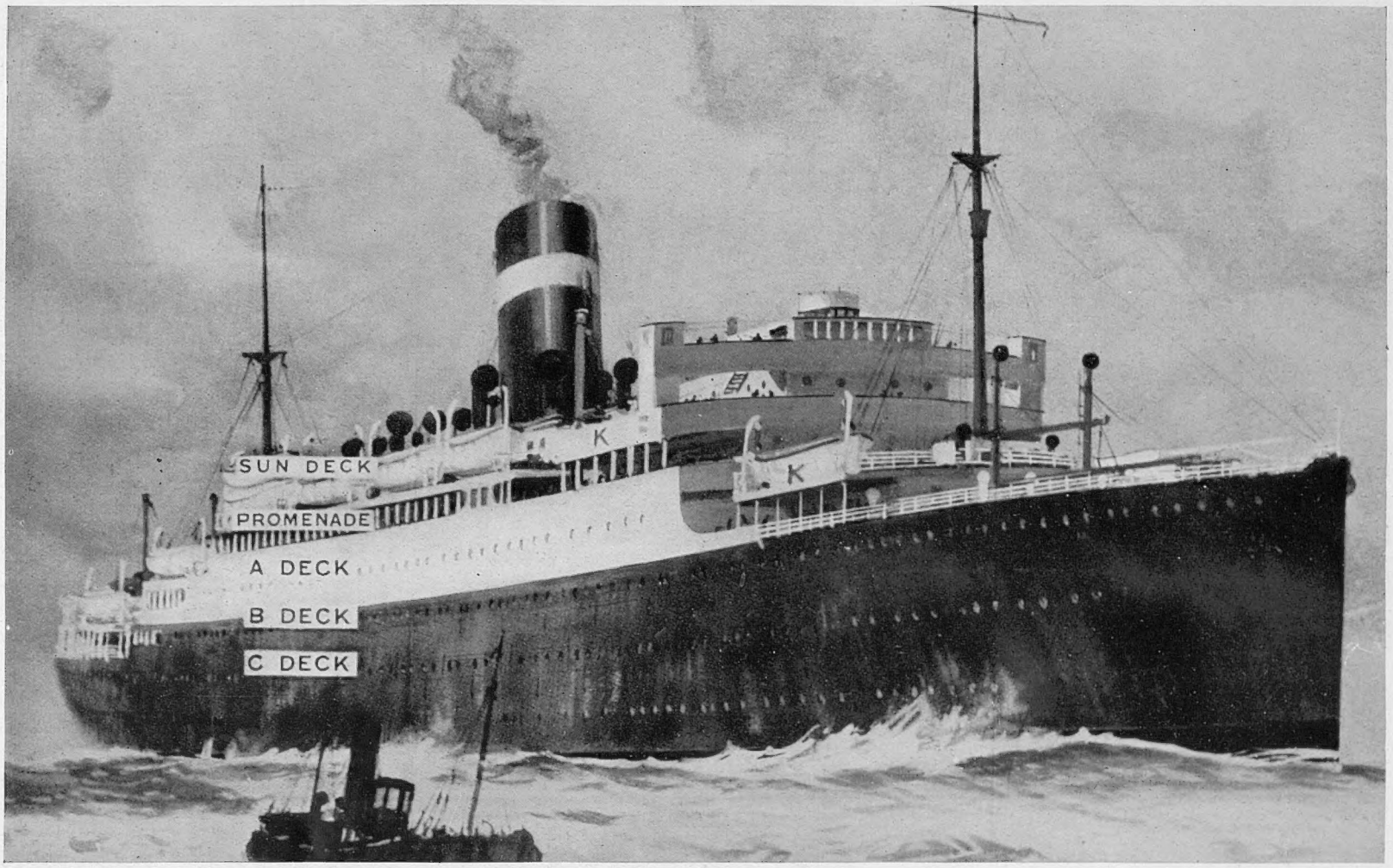
The crowd scattered from Whitehall to places of refuge, and many others went to the parks and took shelter in dug-outs



THE QUEEN PAYS AN INFORMAL VISIT TO AN INFANTS' HOSPITAL JUST BEFORE THE DECLARATION OF WAR

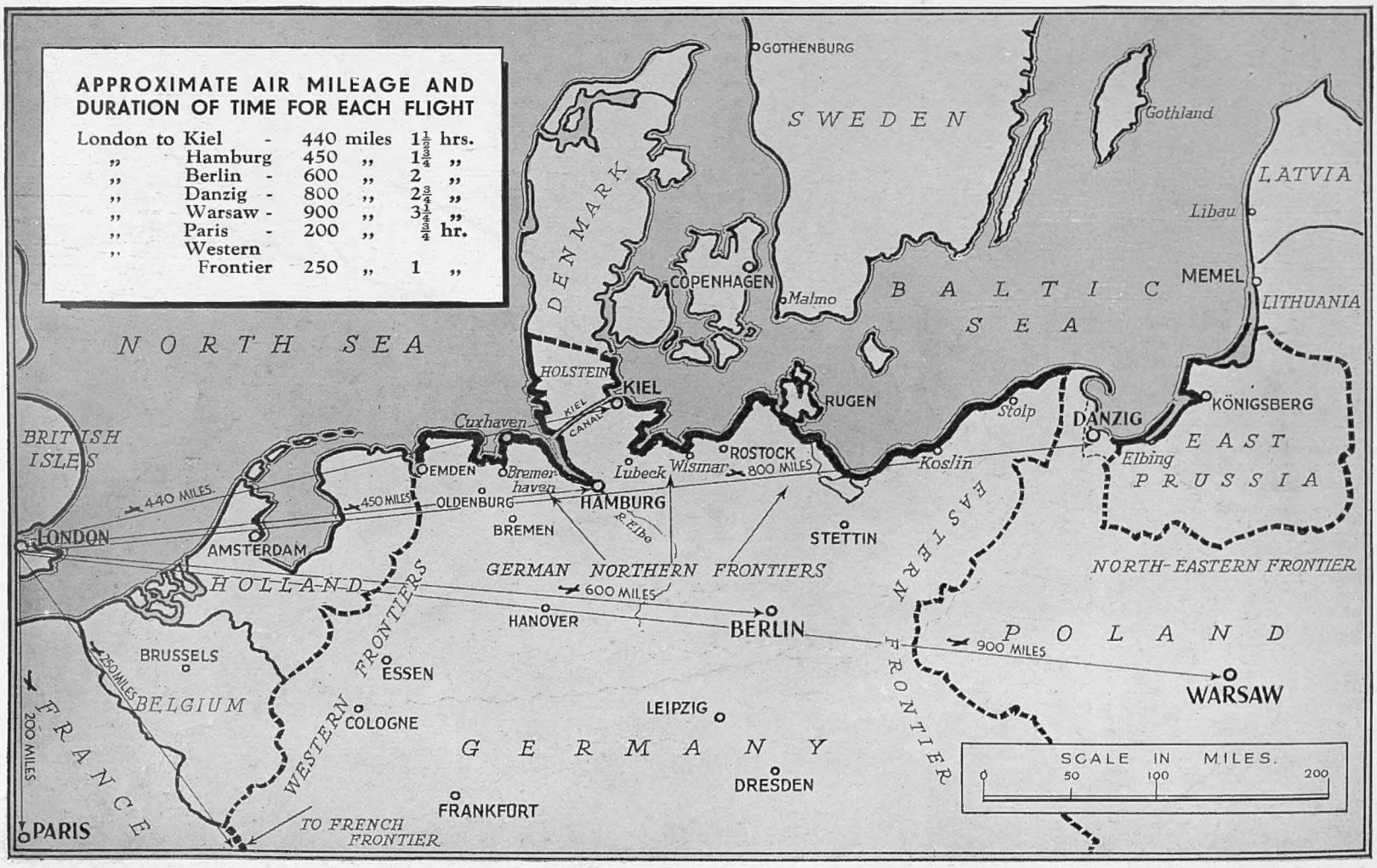
On Saturday, September 2, Her Majesty made a tour round the A.R.P. activities of the Westminster area. Here she is seen leaving the Vincent Square Infants' Hospital. All its windows, it should be noted, had been well taped

The TORPEDOING of the BRITISH LINER "ATHENIA"



THE FIRST SEA CASUALTY, THE S.S. "ATHENIA" SHOWN IN AN ARTIST'S DRAWING

The first attack on a merchant steamer in the present war was announced on Monday, when the news reached London that the British liner *Athenia*, 13,581 tons, had been torpedoed 200 miles north-west of Ireland at 8.59 p.m. on Sunday. No warning was given by the German submarine which fired the torpedo. At the time of writing, it was unknown how many lives were lost, but 200 were unaccounted for. The *Athenia* carried 1,400 passengers, 311 of whom were Americans, and 630 of these were believed to have been saved by two Scandinavian ships. Another 500, including ten injured, were in two unknown vessels which made for the Clyde. The liner belonged to the Donaldson Atlantic Line, and the following notice was posted in the window of the offices in Glasgow: "Passengers and crew, except those killed by explosion, taken to boats and picked up by various ships.—(Signed) Cook, Master." The *Athenia* had lifeboats to carry 1,830 passengers. Friends of those on board received picture postcards from her yesterday, saying that the vessel had sailed under war-time conditions, with her portholes blackened and passengers wearing lifebelts. It is understood that 75 per cent. of them were women and children. According to one report, the *Knute Nelson*, a Norwegian boat of 5,749 tons, saved 430 people, and the *Southern Cross*, a luxury yacht of 2,113 tons, owned by Mr. Wenner-Gren, the Swedish newspaper millionaire, rescued a further 200 souls. The *Knute Nelson* made her way to Galway. British destroyers also raced to the rescue



THE SUCCESSFUL BOMBING OF THE GERMAN FLEET NEAR WILHELMSHAVEN AND AT CUXHAVEN

It was officially announced both from Whitehall and Berlin that a British air attack had been carried out on German warships at Schilling Roads off Wilhelmshaven and at Cuxhaven, heavy damage being caused on a German battleship. This map shows the position of Kiel, Cuxhaven, and other vital points

KHAKI AGAIN A FAMILIAR SIGHT: Day and Night Scenes in London

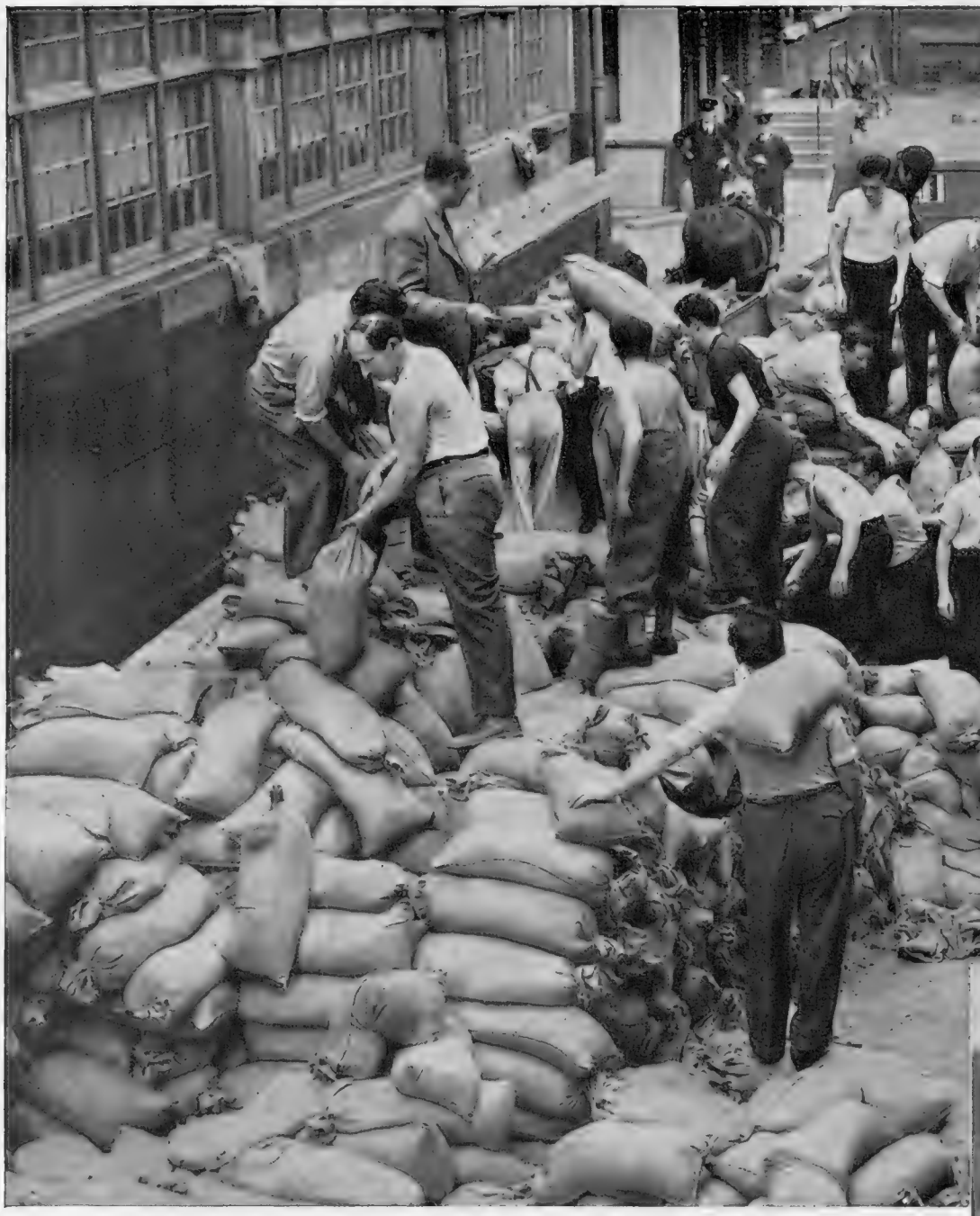
NIGHT-TIME SNAPSHOT

By means of a special camera it was possible to secure this very clear picture of Piccadilly after dark during crisis days last week. The khaki escort was once again in evidence

TO REINFORCE GOVERNMENT TELEPHONE STAFFS

Post office reservists of the Royal Corps of Signals who recently arrived in the capital to augment the telephone and communications staff in government offices

b



JEWISH REFUGEES DO THEIR BIT FOR BRITAIN

Anxious to show their appreciation of the hospitality granted them by Britain, Jewish refugees have been offering their services in any capacity. They came from all classes to aid in placing sandbags in front of a big hospital

SOMEWHERE WHERE THE BREEZES BLOW

Day and night the watching anti-aircraft defenders have been on duty by England's shores. Muzzles search the sky during practice shooting by the squad

THE REIGN OF THE SANDBAG: Scenes in London and the Countryside

THE CIRCULAR SANDBAG REDOUBT

The anti-aircraft posts became last week a familiar sight along the East Coast. They are constructed of sandbags in very trim and effective fashion. *Below*—Another circular redoubt in a London park arranged in very ship-shape fashion. Listening squads and range-finders were ready and waiting

THE SITUATION in the FAR EAST: Varying News from Hong Kong and Preparations at Shanghai

Drawn by Gordon Home

HOW THE LAND FRONTIER RUNS AT HONG KONG

British control is exercised within the parallelogram shown by the dotted lines. The frontier blockaded by Japanese troops runs from the Shamchun River to Starling Inlet on Mirs Bay

TAKING MEAT TO MARKET AT HONG KONG

The question of supplies of fresh meat and vegetables becomes more difficult with the closing of the leased territory frontier

THE news from the Far East was last week of a somewhat contradictory character. It was at first thought that the land frontier of Hong Kong was being evacuated—steamers were seen embarking Japanese soldiers, but it later appeared that these troops may have been moved to the southern end of the line. Towards the end of the week, the blockade was still in existence. General Abé, the new Japanese Prime Minister, appeared to be taking a somewhat static attitude towards Britain. No attack on Hong Kong, it was declared, would be made, but the Tientsin blockade must continue

AN ARMED PATROL AT A BOUNDARY POINT IN SHANGHAI

The patrol is seen passing a sandbag post on the Avenue Edouard VII, where the French Concession touches the main Shanghai Settlement

THE CONNECTING LINE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE CHINESE TREATY PORTS

The black line shows the vital chord passing through the Mediterranean, down the Red Sea to Singapore and the China Sea. As a precautionary measure, the Mediterranean was closed to British shipping last week. Ships bound eastward when going via the Cape have not such a very much longer journey. If the reader measures out the distance from a point west of Gibraltar to Bombay and then measures off a similar distance down the west coast of Africa, he will see that the extra mileage is not so great

THE SAME WITH A DIFFERENCE : Paris Evacuates its School Children

ALL READY TO LEAVE THEIR PARIS SCHOOL

They were waiting with their luggage on the morning of August 30 to start out for the station where they were to entrain for the country. Very varied were the bags, cases, clothes, and footgear

GAS-MASKS FOR PARIS CHILDREN DISTRIBUTED

Two mothers are here seen leading their children homewards after receiving gas-masks (in metal cylinders) on the day before the evacuation

London has had its rehearsal and evacuation of L.C.C. school children. Paris evacuated some 50,000 school children from the Seine Department — which includes Paris — on August 30. They assembled at their schools at 8 a.m. with hand luggage, a blanket, and food for two days. They were then conveyed by special trains to selected centres in the country. The great factors of motherhood and childhood were the same in both countries. *On left*—A mother giving a parting kiss

HOLIDAY-MAKERS ASSIST IN FILLING SANDBAGS ON AN EAST COAST BEACH

It was necessary to fill some 60,000 sandbags to protect hospitals and so forth at this seaside resort. Visitors helped for all they were worth, as the saying goes. The sand was conveniently at hand

1,400 MILES THROUGH CRISIS BRITAIN

A Wifely Odyssey from the South to the North

ONE crisis day last week, two naval wives received wires from their husbands suggesting that they should visit them during a respite ashore. I was one of those wives who obediently set off by car in the afternoon, after hectic packings and arrangements, with the intention of reaching our destination the next day, and with six two-gallon tins of petrol in our "boot" as our only precaution against the obviously impending crisis.

At Lichfield, where we stopped for petrol, we heard the ominous news that special constables and air-raid wardens had been warned to remain at home, and felt thankful that we had made all our evacuation plans before leaving. At Warwick we met the first shrouded traffic lights, and began to wonder whether we were quite mad to continue our journey.

But at Derby, where we had previously arranged that we should spend the night, there was no wire to turn us back. We felt bound to go on, in spite of the telephone ringing in our presence with the message to our hosts, "Could you man your first-aid posts at any moment?" We had arrived just in time to hear the nine o'clock news and the advice about lighting precautions, during which I drearily wondered whether my thick brown paper and drawing-pins (bought last year in a German liner) would be at all adequate.

It was very clear that the crisis was upon us; and of course we had come away without our gas-masks. Vivid pictures of being forced to drive recklessly and continuously through the "back-bone" of England and Scotland amid a rain of gas and incendiary bombs were painted for us, and I fell asleep with anxiety on my mind, an alarm clock set for 5 a.m. at my ear, and a thermos of tea and some biscuits at my elbow.

We were on the road by 6 a.m. and groped our way through the industrial north in a thick morning fog—not too good a start, with 500 miles to do in the day. For by now we felt that it was a race against time. The fleet would not be the last to take precautions.

Wherever we stopped we asked for news, but it was long before we discovered a paper or anyone who had seen one, and then the news brought no relief. There was no particularly war-like traffic on the Great North Road, apart from an occasional A.A. gun accompanied by rather new-looking soldiery, but lots of rich-looking cars piled with sporting luggage and fishing tackle, giving evidence of interrupted holidays. Everywhere the golf links were crowded and there were as many caravans still camping as there were on the road.

Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnwick (and a quick lunch), Berwick—so we rushed along, to Edinburgh, where again we stopped, at the G.P.O., for a pre-arranged message. There was none, so on we went (though we were far from reassured) after sending some Edinburgh rock to our friends and cheerful wires to our husbands, giving our estimated time of arrival. The papers were at any rate no gloomier and the people in the shops spoke only of the sultry weather and never mentioned the crisis. Prince's Street looked its beautiful best in the sunshine, and the Forth Bridge, seen from South Queensferry, where we crossed the water, was quite breath-takingly lovely, and put fresh heart into us.

The rest in the ferry, accompanied by milk and biscuits, did us good. And the car-loads around us, including a militia boy taking tea with his major, looked normal and cheerful.

At Perth, where we made a forced call on a garage to have our wheels tightened, the talk was still more about the weather than the crisis—except that the foreman on our job was receiving his three-year-old niece from Newcastle the next day and was a little apprehensive about her effect on his household.

On we went through the night. The way began to seem long, but the strangeness of the road was helped by a brilliant moon, silhouetting the Scottish mountains and revealing the beauties of unexpected lochs. The last lap seemed endless, and at a little after 11 p.m., as we approached the end of our journey, we peered anxiously out over the waters for the familiar outline of warships, which, even if blacked out, should have been discernible to our eyes.

We slowed down with sinking hearts, drew up outside the hotel, braced ourselves to enter the obviously empty hall—to find that the ships had sailed three hours before for an unknown destination!

No husbands, no room, no food was our reception! But of course we were eventually found a room that had been cancelled, and some tea, which tasted like nectar, was brewed for us.

We slept like logs and awoke refreshed and ready to face the 700 miles journey home again. The landscape was bathed in sunshine and the first Scottish morning papers still revealed rays of hope. We made a good breakfast in order to save further stops, exchanged views with other deserted wives, and set off southwards.

We stopped for neither lunch nor tea—only for petrol every 100 miles, and the monotonous but nevertheless welcome "No fresh news." The country was fairly monotonous too, except for the wild and lovely Westmorland "Rogue Herries" scenery, in this case wreathed in fog.

It was raining when we reached Carlisle at nine o'clock, quite exhausted, and could find no accommodation for the night. But we were revived by a wonderful Scottish high tea while they telephoned through to Penrith for a bed for us, and we listened to the news of Nevile Henderson's dealings with Hitler.

Twenty miles on to Penrith, and to bed in a real "pub," smelling of beer but spotlessly clean and very comfortable. We were away at 8 a.m. again with still another 400 miles to cover, and this time it was a considerably more crowded road with several seemingly sinister pointers—such as tremendous crowds in Doncaster which held us up in a never-ending queue for over half an hour; beflagged streets in Heanor which made us wonder uneasily at such patriotic fervour; directional signals screened at Derby's main crossroads.

At Burton-on-Trent we bought our lunch ration of milk and biscuits from a girl who voiced our thoughts by saying firmly: "We can't give in again. Better a war now than one in a year's time." At Banbury Cross we suddenly flagged (at half past five) and stopped at a large café for sustenance in the shape of tea and Banbury cakes. Here all Banbury seemed to be giving themselves a treat and the atmosphere was most busy and gay.

On the whole an interesting and certainly unique way of covering 1,400 miles during a memorable three and a quarter days. We felt surprisingly un-tired when we arrived home, in spite of subsisting largely on milk and biscuits and chocolate; and we were glad (apart from our personal disappointment) that we had had the opportunity to see for ourselves a United Kingdom in every sense of the word, quite unflurried and calmly preparing to do what might be necessary.

IN FRANCE : Where Complete Mobilisation of Army, Navy, and Air Force was Ordered, September 1, and a State of Siege Proclaimed

FRENCH RESERVISTS MARCHING THROUGH A FAMOUS FORTRESS DISTRICT OF OUTER PARIS

These French reservists who had been called up last week were marching through a street in Vincennes, notable for its bois, which is second only in public attraction to the Bois de Boulogne

WOMEN WORKERS OF PARIS ASSEMBLED LAST WEEK AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS AS THE CRISIS GREW

Above are members of the Union des Femmes de France trying on helmets served out to those who will occupy special points of danger in A.R.P. work. *On left*—A group of Frenchwomen are engaged in signing up for Passive Defence and Red Cross work

SUMMER ARMY MANŒUVRES IN THE UNITED STATES

Lines of tanks and light armoured cars drawn up for inspection at Plattsburg where the U.S. military forces have been holding extensive manœuvres

THE PRESIDENT'S POWER?—a letter from the States

Checked by the Senate at the Moment, the March of Events May Enable it to Re-assert Itself in Full Force

THE position of President Roosevelt is a matter of grave concern both to the States and the world at large. Back in those grim days six years ago any man who would essay to do anything was a hero, in the sense that Carlyle used that word; and Roosevelt began with some fortunate strokes.

His first message to Congress departed from all presidential tradition, and consisted of a brief note calling for the repeal of the Volstead Act (prohibition law), and the repeal of the eighteenth amendment, authorising the prohibition law. That re-employed many men, not only in breweries, distilleries, and wineries, but also in bottle factories and other auxiliary industries.

Then the President closed all of the banks, and allowed only those to re-open that were sound.

The salutary effect of the two moves on the country was astounding, and both the Senate and the House began passing bills called for by the President without even reading them or knowing what they meant.

Much good was accomplished, also much harm; and that Congress went down in history as the "rubber-stamp Congress."

Nevertheless, at the end of his first four-year term, President Roosevelt was even more popular than he was in 1932–33.

In 1932 he carried the country by the most overwhelming majority ever given to any candidate for president of the United States. That, however, was largely a repudiation of President Hoover, who was his opponent. But, in 1936, Roosevelt carried the country by an even larger majority, and, if that was due in part to the fact that his opponent, Alfred M. Landon, was not a particularly impressive man, and to the fact that the Republican party was split into numerous warring factions, it was due mainly to the fact that Roosevelt had captured the allegiance of the overwhelming majority of the voters of the country. It was the first time in the history of American elections that a president was ever re-elected by a larger majority than the majority by which he was originally elected.

To-day, the situation is greatly changed. The Congress which has just adjourned was no rubber-stamp Congress. It was, on the contrary, a rebel Congress. It defeated the President's measures to lend and spend vast sums of money to extend the administration's "pump-priming" policy. It defeated his housing measure greatly to increase the construction of low cost housing with federal aid. And it voted to defeat his proposal to repeal the mandatory embargo on arms and munitions to belligerents in time of war.

About the only thing left that Congress could have done to the President was to have impeached him. Yet it is not certain that Congress has not played into Roosevelt's hands.

Mr. Roosevelt points out that the defeat of the lend-spend measure, and the curtailment of relief, will mean that 3,000,000 people will be dropped from the relief rolls in the spring. Mr. Roosevelt insists that private industry will not be able to absorb 3,000,000 people in the spring; and I think there is no doubt but that he is right on this point.

The defeat of the proposal to lift the mandatory embargo on arms means that the President can do nothing to try to forestall an international war, and he indicates that Congress is gambling on the proposition that there will be no such war by spring, without having any reasonable assurance that there will not be such a war before spring.

The President's Broadcast on Sunday September 3

"The overwhelming masses of our people seek peace—peace at home, and the kind of peace in other lands which will not jeopardise peace at home. This nation will remain a neutral nation, but cannot ask that every American remains neutral in thought as well. Even a neutral has the right to take account of facts; even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind or his conscience."

Again I think the President is right. I know soldiers who are convinced that there will be war within three months, and I know civilians who are convinced that there will be war within the next ten weeks.

I have been one of President Roosevelt's most forthright critics, but, at the same time, I cannot avoid realising that the Congress which has defeated his plans, at least temporarily, has supplanted them with no plans of its own, and has apparently opened the way to little but chaos.

The average American family on relief consists of four people. Take 3,000,000 off the relief rolls and you deprive 12,000,000 people of their only income. There are, of course, a great many people on relief who do not deserve it; but even if you assume that all of the 3,000,000 who will be dropped belong to what Mr. Shaw once called "the undeserving poor," they will still become a new kind of menace, and perhaps a worse menace. If they are undeserving, they will be precisely the kind of people who will turn to mendicancy and crime. Those who are deserving will turn to bitterness and desperation. This, of course, if they are simply dropped, if no steps are taken to cushion the fall.

Mr. Roosevelt will then be in a position to say, "Well, it wasn't my fault." And he will be telling the truth. The dispossessed will rally around him with increasing fervour as their only hope. And there is nothing in the United States to prevent a man voting for a president, even if he is hungry and homeless.

There was an amusing incident a little while ago, but however amusing and whimsical it may have been, it serves to illustrate the truth of my point.

A hitch-hiker was walking through the south-west. Now, so many crimes have been committed by hitch-hikers that people in automobiles are increasingly hesitant to pick up these pedestrians and give them a ride. So this hitch-hiker carried a sign on his back:

"If you don't pick me up, I'll vote for him again."

In any case, American business is in no condition to absorb 3,000,000 workers, although the common experience of employers remains that people on relief won't accept employment even when it is offered to them, and that too often when they need a man they can't find one they can use. Business conditions are growing steadily worse, and the outlook for employment is increasingly discouraging.

Meanwhile, these points seem clear:

Notwithstanding the defeat of his legislative programme, Roosevelt still controls the majority vote of the country.

As a result of this defeat, he has an even firmer grip on the majority vote.

Unless this congressional action is rescinded, he will have a still firmer grip on the majority vote by spring.

Regardless of what happens he can have a third term as president if he wants it.

If he does not want it, the chances are that he can name his successor at the next national Democratic convention.

Or, if he cannot name his successor, and a conservative is named against his will, he can defeat that conservative, either by opposing him actively, or merely by withholding his support.

Nelson Springer

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

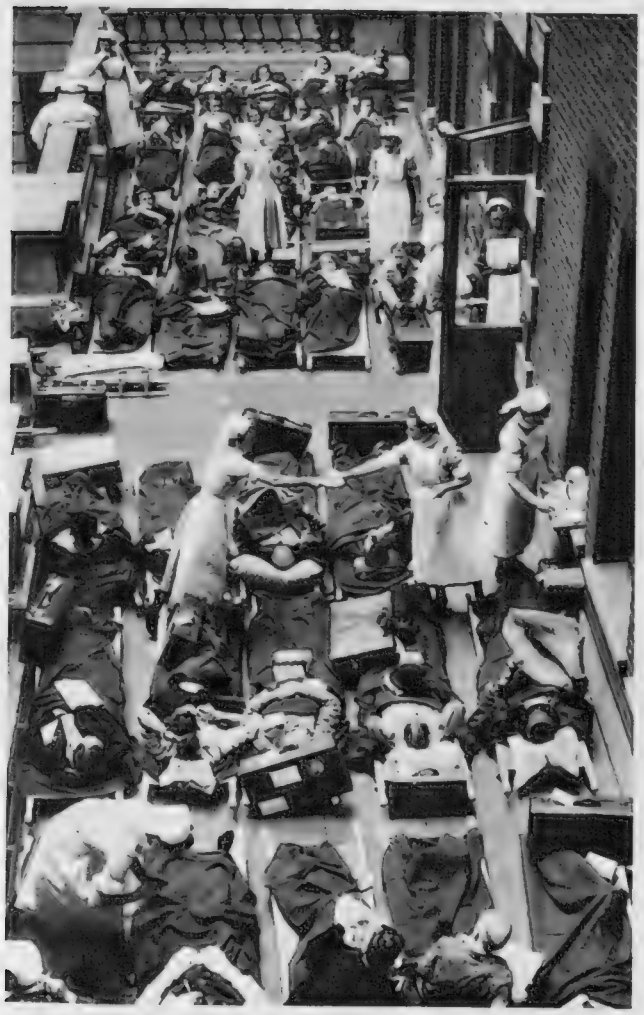
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

THE SAFETY OF LONDON'S HOSPITAL PATIENTS

Evacuation Scenes at the Westminster, Bart's, and the Middlesex Hospitals

STRETCHER CASES

A sister giving a few words of encouragement to a mother and her baby before they were sent away by ambulance from the Westminster Hospital



WAITING FOR THE AMBULANCE

Patients on a balcony of the Middlesex Hospital ready for removal. *On right*—Bart's stretcher-cases being put into specially-fitted Green Line coaches

FOOD

in a non-Totalitarian Land — Scenes on Crisis Days Last Week at Market and Store

Householders were asked last week to confine their purchases to a week's supply and to make no further additions at the present time to their larders as they had been encouraged to do during earlier periods of the crisis

MEAT SUPPLY: Serried ranks of carcases hanging in Smithfield market during crisis days just before the rearrangement of meat distribution

Below—**FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SUPPLIES:** A corner of the well-equipped fruit and vegetable department of Whiteley's great store

GROCERIES AND TINNED FOOD SUPPLIES A snapshot in Harrods, who announced last week that their stores were carrying on, air-raid protection being amply available

FISH SUPPLIES IN BILLINGSGATE Tons of shining silvery fish pouring into London's fish market before the new distribution of markets

I SEE the HASSELT BREAK in the ALBERT CANAL

What a Visit to the Site of the Dam Disaster Revealed

By ROY ELSTON

"YOU would be surprised," said a Belgian engineer with whom I sat dining in the French Pavilion at the Liége Exhibition, "how many people have discovered the Albert Canal since the Hasselt disaster."

I was not really surprised. In a world of political and military alarms the peaceful activities of a nation have to take a back place unless, as a spectacle, they can hold their own with Berchtesgaden and the Palazzo Venezia. But give the spectacle of Peace a touch of disaster and there is a chance of its being noticed. Hasselt has given that touch to the greatest engineering enterprise ever undertaken by a Belgian Government.

It was a bitter disappointment to the whole nation, and an especial disappointment to the city of Liége. At the cafés on the boulevards and around the lively Place de la Republique, even in the naughty bars along the Rue du Pot d'Or, Hasselt cast a strange gloom. Among the acquaintances one meets in this friendly city, more than one said to me, with lowered voice: "It is German sabotage, mark my words!" There had been disclosures not long before of a German spy organisation in Liége and the towns of the Meuse; and the machinations of *les boches* have become an easy explanation of everything that goes wrong.

Of course, it is an uneasy fact that the break is at a point of high strategical importance. The Albert Canal, joining up with the line of fortifications, Charleroi–Namur–Liége, completes a system of frontier defence which is very different from the out-of-date strongholds in which General Leman and his heroic garrisons held up the Germans in 1914. The break at Hasselt is a breach in the Belgian defences. If enemy sappers, or enemy artillery, could make such a breach, they would count it a significant victory.

It certainly looks, to-day, as if an enemy had pounded the broad, concreted dyke to pieces, but it was not a human enemy. As you come up from the old, rather shabby town of Hasselt, where, although you are only about thirty miles from Liége, most of the citizens know no other language than Flemish, you are confronted by makeshift bridges, great concrete locks with no other sign of their purpose than the stain of vanished waters; twisted girders; huge piles of smashed masonry; the broken beams and trestles, stretching as far as the eye can see, where vessels were to lie alongside; the bed of the canal from Diepenbeek Lock to Godsheide a layer of cracked yellow mud; the concrete facing of the dyke, on its inner side, cracked and crumbling like dry biscuits.

Near the lock, the dyke for 500 metres has completely disappeared. The escaping water seems to have picked it up in huge lumps, churned it to mud, and then cast it in a thick layer of oozing bog over the adjoining meadows. In its course it smashed against one of the houses built for the lock-keepers and brought it pell-mell to the ground: the house lies to-day in a mass of unmanageable debris, which workmen were trying to remove with heavy charges of dynamite. The sound of the explosions, and the sight of columns of smoke and dust rising with the echo into a dark, stormy sky, against the background of twisted iron and tumbled masonry, gave realism to a scene reminiscent of the bombardments which this countryside knew so well in 1914.

The engineer with whom I was crouching behind a small concrete cabin on the lock, to avoid pieces of stone sent flying by the explosions, turned and said:

"It took German artillery nearly two weeks to smash the walls of Loncin. These walls, probably stronger than Loncin, were smashed by the water within thirty minutes!"

That remark overlooks, of course, the fact that there must have been a serious weakness in the dyke at this point; and I tried to get some suggestion of what that weakness might have been. But the engineers on the spot were reticent. A Government commission has been appointed to inquire into the disaster, and is still sitting. Until it issues its report all theories must be accepted for what they are—guesswork, very often coloured by the guesser's personal notions concerning the right way to build a dyke. I was told by one authority that almost every engineer who had ever sent in a plan for dyke construction—and apparently there are a great many—has since claimed that the disaster at Hasselt was due to his plans having been passed over.

The theory given out more or less officially after the catastrophe was that the sandy subsoil had shifted. This is always a possibility, of course, as the subsoil along this part of the canal proved to be extremely difficult. As a leading Dutch engineer pointed out to me, however, the nature of the subsoil had long been known and, normally, would have been guarded against. It was his theory, which is shared in several engineering quarters, that the huge drainage pipe which ran under the canal at this point was defective, that it collapsed, and that the super-structure consequently collapsed shortly afterwards.

When you see the relics of this colossal pipe half buried in the mud at a distance of about 100 yards from where the pipe originally lay, the feasibility of the Dutchman's theory becomes evident. It seems fairly clear that the pipe lay directly under the point of weakness and that, if its collapse preceded the collapse of the dyke, the withdrawal of its support would, in fact, be more than sufficient to cause the whole dyke

(Continued on page 402)

FLUNG 100 YARDS BY THE ESCAPING WATERS

Part of the huge drainage pipe which ran under the canal near the point of collapse. The break in the wall occurred on June 26 at Goedsched, near Hasselt

CLEFT BY THE SURGING WATERS

Another part of the drainage pipe which was flung a considerable distance away by the rush of water and mud. Some engineers assert that the pipe was defective, thus causing the disaster

REPAIRING SOME OF THE DAMAGE

Clearing the bed of the dam at the point where the water first burst through, killing the canal constructor who was inspecting repairs to a small leak which had been noticed previously

MATTERS ARCHÆOLOGICAL

The Lost Hand of the Diadumenos, and Other News from the Remote Past

WHERE IS THE MISSING HAND? The Diadumenos as it stands (or stood) in the British Museum. The word means literally a fillet binder. The raised arms would indicate the moment of tying the fillet

THERE was recently much excitement at Vaison-la-Romaine. Word flashed round that workmen on the excavations of the Roman villas buried there in the dust of two thousand years, had, at last, discovered the missing hand of the Diadumenos. Members of the local archæological society hurriedly met and examined what had been found. It was a piece of marble, a right-hand thumb with part of the wrist; whereas it is the left hand of the Diadumenos which is missing.

Probably most amateurs of Greek and Roman sculpture know, in the Roman collection at the British Museum, the Diadumenos of Polycletus, which has been there nearly seventy years. Of world renown amongst students of antiquity, this statue is probably one of the finest in the collection. The sculptor, Polycletus of Sicyon, belonged to the 87th Olympiad (439 B.C.) and was in his lifetime preferred to the famous Phidias. He is spoken of in terms of highest praise by Cicero, Plutarch and others; and Pliny declared that the Diadumenos was the most perfectly-proportioned and beautifully-finished statue of a male that could possibly be. Even in those ancient days it was valued at 100 talents.

The Diadumenos was eventually discovered at Vaison-la-Romaine, which lies in a valley not far from Mont Ventoux, the last great mountain standing almost detached from the French Alps (Dauphiné), and is on the borders of the Ouvèze river. Judging from the discoveries made, Vaison must have been, with Arles, Narbonne, Nîmes and Orange, one of the five greatest cities of the Gaule Narbonnaise. Excavations, and classifications of what is found, are still going on at Vaison, work proceeding methodically under technical archæological supervision, and what has come to light, and is still coming, shows that this ancient city must have been quite as extensive, though probably less imposing, than Nîmes, Arles and Orange. Vaison has proved very rich in marble statuary, and also in bronzes and other works of art, many of which latter, in addition to the Diadumenos, are now in the British Museum. The Diadumenos was discovered at the back of the Roman theatre at Vaison, on what was at that time farm land.

So grandiose are Arles, Nîmes and Orange that for a long time they attracted the entire attention of archæologists, whilst Vaison-la-Romaine was neglected. During this period the small town grew, new streets and a railway line were ruthlessly cut through the Roman city, and much was for all time destroyed. In addition, a great deal of pilfering went on; and not only local people, but some from farther afield, deliberately took away antiquities found, until the authorities put a stop to the scandal.

Amongst those influential people who were interested in the antiquities of Vaison was Dr. François Raspail, of Carpentras—the great Raspail, one of France's most eminent politicians and the first French advocate of universal suffrage. But Raspail lived mostly in Paris, and was not entirely aware of what was going on at Vaison, although whenever he visited his native home of Carpentras, he rode across the fields to inspect the Puymin.

The Puymin ground at Vaison, where most of the Roman remains have, so far, been discovered, was not then bought-in and classed by the French Government as a "monument historique" and was therefore not officially protected. So whatever was found there was claimed by the owner of that parcel of land in which it was found; hence a traffic and commerce of a doubtful nature.

The story goes—and it is repeated by the very oldest inhabitants with but very little variation—that a labourer digging the garden of M. Durel, at Puymin, unearthed the Diadumenos, lying in pieces, close to what has been discovered to be the central alcove of the Portique de Pompée, which is at the back of the local Roman theatre. In the eyes of the prudes of those days, the statue was considered indecent and might well have been broken up and used in building construction as other sculpture has been, had not Durel hidden it in his barn. This happened in 1862. Then the statue, covered with bric-à-brac, seems to have been for some time forgotten, for it was all black with age and dirt which concealed its beauty and apparent value.

About 1866, Raspail who was then seventy-two years of age, and getting rather tired of politics, returned more or less definitely to Carpentras. He lost no time in going over to Vaison to inspect the antiquities and to inquire about the statue the discovery of which he had vaguely heard. The statue was still in the barn, hidden amongst lumber. With the help of Durel, Raspail laid it out, inspected it and said: "It is not worth much, it would cost a lot to repair, and besides which the left hand is missing." Eventually Durel sold the Diadumenos to Raspail for 800 francs. "Find the hand which is missing," said Raspail to Durel, as the statue was being loaded into a cart for transport, "and I will give you twice as much!"

Raspail then made efforts to reassemble the Diadumenos, with the disastrous result that an existing photograph shows. This done, he offered the statue to the Louvre for a sum which has never been officially stated, but which is known to have been high. For some astoundingly incomprehensible reason the Louvre refused to buy. Nothing daunted, Raspail, who was very much piqued, immediately made overtures to the British Museum, offering the Diadumenos for £1,000 sterling. Without delay, experts were sent from London to Vaison, and after negotiation in 1870, the British Museum bought the statue from Raspail. Once safely in London, the precious treasure of antiquity was cleaned, repaired, and mounted in its present state.

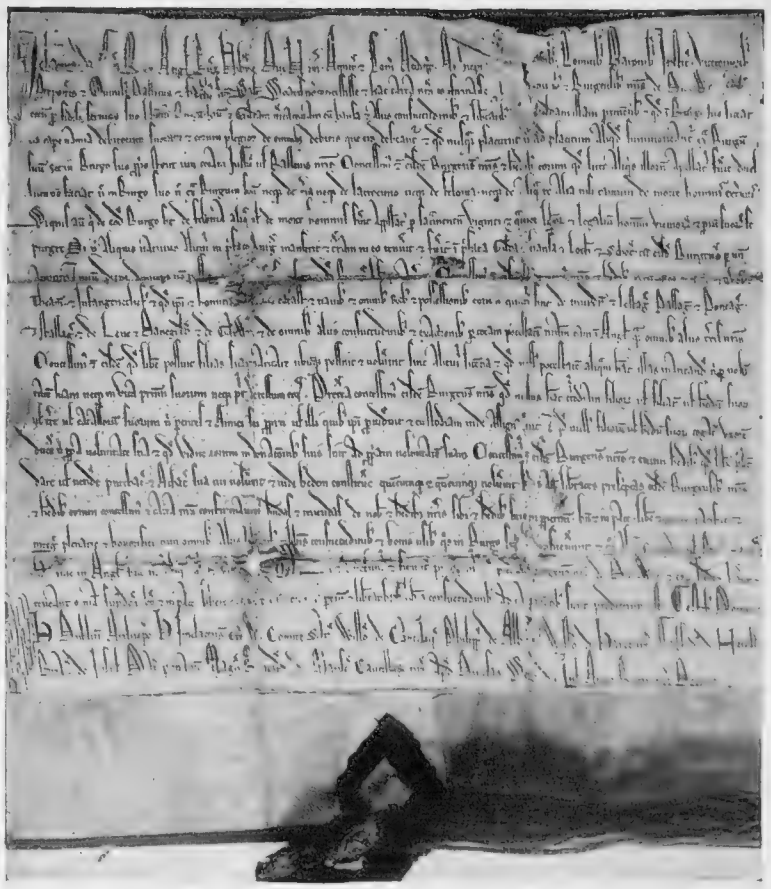
But what of the missing hand? On several occasions Raspail and others thought that they had found it. Every square inch of Durel's garden was dug up and sifted, but what these people discovered, and that in quantity, were either right hands, or hands out of scale with the statue. The entire Portique de Pompée was eventually unearthed, but the hand defied discovery.

Every year, fingers and toes and parts of hands, etc., are found at Vaison; but never the missing left hand of the Diadumenos. From time to time people living in the neighbourhood of the Puymin land are almost accused of having the hand in their garden. This may sound ridiculous; but it is a fact that earth from the Puymin land was used for embankments of gardens on the road to Orange, and when this road was widened, further discoveries were made.

If this missing hand can be found, and hopes of finding it are still entertained, even after a lapse of seventy-seven years, what may be its value to Vaison? Some think the original price for which the statue was offered to the Louvre. The matter rankles still. But the majority of archæologists estimate that the chances of finding the hand are extremely remote, so often has the earth been turned.

Excavations are still proceeding daily. Hundreds of small objects are exposed every month—pottery (mostly broken), small portions of statuary and sculptured ornaments, and occasionally objects in bronze—but never the missing left hand of the Diadumenos. It is there, all Vaison says, but wants finding!

Georges Clarrière



AN EASTERN COUNTRY TOWN ACQUIRES A DOCUMENT OF MOMENT TO ITSELF

This charter, dated A.D. 1208, which had been lost for over a century, was recently found among the family papers of the late Sir Kenneth Kemp, 12th Bart., whose ancestors helped to represent Dunwich in Parliament since the days of Charles II. Now the Dunwich Town Trust has purchased it from his executors. The fee which Dunwich paid to King John was 200 marks, 10 falcons, and 5 gerfalcons. The charter allows the daughters and sons of Dunwich folk to be married only at their own consent, and states that if any man be accused of a felony he must be tried by twenty-four peers and neighbours. Dunwich was then paying 5,000 eels yearly to King John for wrecks, and 24,000 herrings to the monks of Ely. Dunwich, a Danish name, Anglo-Saxon Dourmoc, was in Saxon times only a village with one church, and is so to-day, but in the Middle Ages had seven churches and many chapels, all of which have been lost to the sea; some chunks of the masonry of All Saints Church are still to be seen on the beach. This ancient place was made by Sigebert, King of the East Angles, and son of a widow who married Redwold, the first Bishop of East Anglia. Felix, a Burgundian monk, he made its bishop in A.D. 636. East Anglia, formerly pagan, then became Christianised. Felixstowe carries his name. The word Dunewic can be read on the fourth line from the bottom of the charter and fourth word from the right. Dunwich has a small museum containing relics of its glorious past.

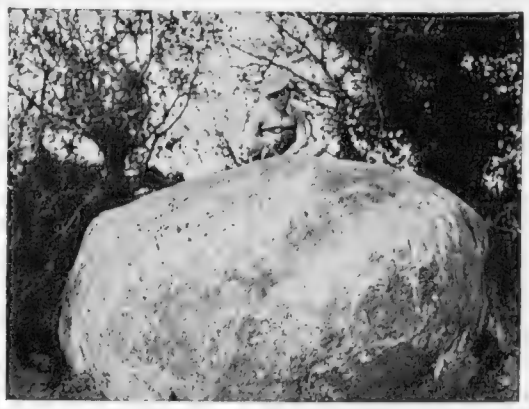
THE OLDEST HANDWRITING

A Claim from La Vendée

"THE oldest handwriting in the world" is how Dr. Marcel Baudouin describes the 275 hieroglyphics which he has deciphered on a prehistoric stone found at Poire de Vie in La Vendée and which he says represent an octagonal zodiac—engraved on the stone about 6,800 B.C., that is in the time of Neolithic man.

Dr. Baudouin, who is the founder of the Open Air Museum in Croix de Vie (La Vendée), has devoted his long life to the study of prehistoric man and his relics, and his discovery has consequently aroused great interest, and controversy, in the French scientific world. The majority of experts on prehistoric matters are sceptical that the markings on the stone have an astronomical meaning and point out that such markings are to be found on nearly all the large stones and rocks of prehistoric times which have been found in La Vendée and Brittany.

At the same time they do not altogether rule out the chance that the markings *may* have an astronomical character, and Dr. Baudouin has many noted defenders of his thesis that the "stone of La Merliere," as it is called, has on it a picture of the position of the planets to the sun which was engraved nearly 7,000 years before the birth of Christ by some human being, the ancestor of modern man.



THE INSCRIBED STONE with marks upon it, which Dr. Marcel Baudouin claims are of Neolithic age

A.R.P. LONDON PREPARES

EXTRA POLICE EQUIPMENT London policemen seen leaving Scotland Yard last week after being equipped with gas masks, which are contained in canvas haversacks

A LODGE-KEEPER'S PERSONAL SHELTER Erecting an A.R.P. bomb-proof shelter outside a lodge-keeper's house in St. James's. Many shelters which were distributed earlier in the year have been hurriedly put up during this last week of crisis

A LONDON WAR-TIME CASUALTY CLEARING STATION A new block of buildings under construction for a big London hospital is having built into its foundations a war-time casualty clearing station

SPECIAL HELMETS READY FOR AIR-RAID WARDENS Thousands of steel helmets, which are being issued to air-raid wardens, seen laid out in the factory ready to be packed for dispatch. They are coated with a special dull non-reflecting surface

NEWS from the WORLD of SHIPS

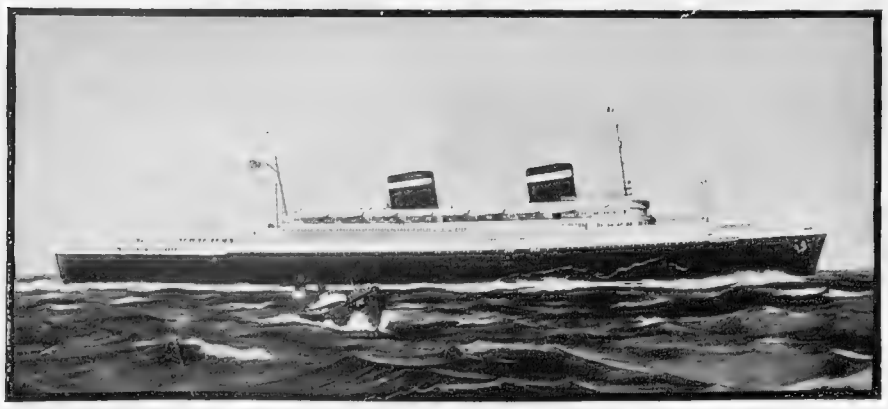
Vessels Affected by the Crisis, and Other Maritime Matters

THE "STRENGTH THROUGH JOY" SHIP

Interest in the position of ships at sea was considerable during crisis days, and the question was asked, "Where was the *Robert Ley*?" Her gleaming white sides and her big play decks, were they off the Azores, or where?

AWKWARD PREDICAMENT FOR STEAMER

The United States lighthouse service tender *Ilex* became jammed beneath the Bath toll bridge on the Kennebec river at Bath, Me. Workers laboured with cutting torches to free the craft before the tide rose. The ship was trapped when turning at low tide



HOW THE "AMERICA" WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

Her silhouette will be on characteristically modern lines. The funnels will be low and broad and the lines of the hull long drawn out, terminating in a cruiser stern

OUT ON THE ATLANTIC AFTER DELAY AT NEW YORK

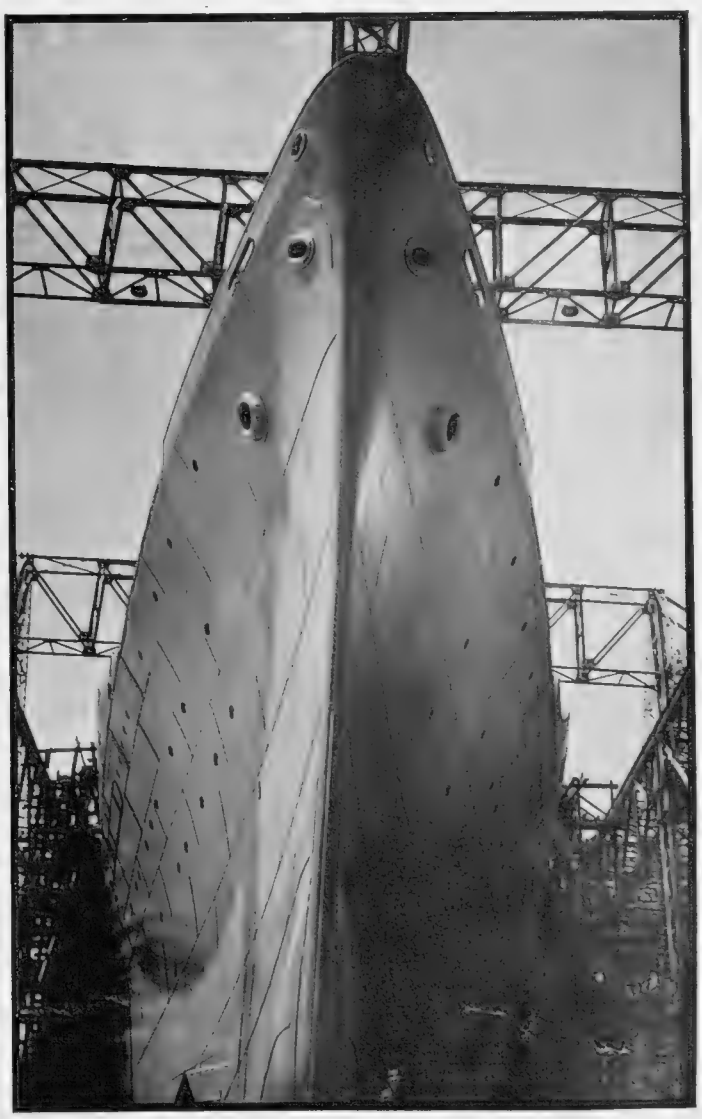
KEEPING WATCH ON DUTCH WATERS

The harbour lights need constant attention and a crisis touch is added by the fact that the attendant, one of the harbour police, is wearing a gas-mask

The big German liner *Bremen*, which turned up late at New York, was last week detained at the quayside while inspectors went over her hull to find what she might have on board. She made a rapid discharge of cargo, taking in oil at the same time. She was detained during Wednesday and then left

FOR THE EMERGENCY BERTHS ON BOARD THE "QUEEN MARY"

Lorry loads of new mattresses were taken aboard the *Queen Mary* last week during crisis days in order to provide extra accommodation for passengers



THE HUGE U.S. FLAGSHIP UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT NEWPORT NEWS

On left and above—Being built at a cost of £3,687,500, the new flagship will replace the historic *Leviathan*, and will serve as companion ship to the S.S. *Manhattan* and S.S. *Washington* in the north Atlantic service. The *America* will have a load-draft displacement of about 34,000 tons, and accommodation for 1,219 passengers and 639 crew. Her length will be 723 ft., her beam 93 ft., her depth to promenade deck 75 ft.; speed 22 knots

CATHEDRAL TWEEDS

AND BRONZED SILVER FOX ARE AUTUMN NOVELTIES

The Jewel Colours of a stained-glass window, rich coloured and exquisitely blended, provided the inspiration for a series of tweeds which Harrods are using for casual country and travel coats. The one on the right is lined with a plain bright colour, and all the fullness is drawn to the front. It costs only 8½ guineas, has a completely draught-proof hood, and can be worn loose as a change

A Fox can Change its Colour, and this year the newest silver foxes most certainly have. At least man has changed it for them, for they are first bleached and then dyed to a rich bronze shade. Such a fox is used for the fluted collar on the coat below on the right. It is made in a smooth, bronze-coloured woollen material, and the front is flared. The hat is of brown felt, coarsely veiled, with a red twist

Gathered Pockets Accent Hips

Bands of Fur provide a favourite trimming for winter coats. Some of them are extremely intricate, but here Persian lamb forms the collar and is carried down the front of a box coat in an unusual black fabric patterned with raised zig-zag lines. Pouched pockets are placed at the hipline, and the hat has a chenille spotted veil hanging down the back. These two coats come from Gorringes

Draught-proof Hood

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

At War's Outbreak

ROYALTIES IN TOWN DURING WAR-TIME The Duke and Duchess of Kent, in residence in Belgrave Square, take their chow for a walk

THE STEEL HELMET BECOMES FAMILIAR FEMININE HEADWEAR This Westminster warden reads over the latest regulations with another warden. The people about the streets appeared quite undisturbed

A MINISTER AND HIS WIFE CARRY THEIR GAS MASKS TO THE HOUSE ON THE FATEFUL SUNDAY Sir Samuel Hoare, the new Lord Privy Seal, the fifth great office of State, with Lady Hoare

GARB OF WAR-TIME IN LONDON —A STREET SCENE A number of smart uniforms have appeared during the last few weeks, and the two girls here seen are typical of hundreds

DANZIG: The Fateful City (Continued from page 391)

locality was marked only on the most detailed maps of the military survey. Few people in Poland at that time had ever heard of Gdynia.

A few miles to the east lay the frontier and beyond it the resorts of Zoppot and Oliva and close by, on the delta of the Vistula, the city of Danzig. The marshy character of the surroundings testified to the former existence of a sea creek, which later had disappeared, leaving behind it the soft, broad expanse of the Gdynia fields, framed in hills on either side. The flat space between the two cliffs was sandy in parts and contained large layers of peat, occasionally used by the villagers for fuel. The coast line was practically straight and the turf came nearly to the water line, for there are virtually no tides in the Baltic.

When work was started upon Gdynia harbour there were no roads to the spot, only country lanes. Roads had to be built, also railways. There are now about 50 miles of railway track laid out in the harbour. It was also essential to connect the new port with the rest of the country by rail. One recently-completed line links the port with the coalfields of Silesia and is 300 miles long.

About sixty light and heavy electric cranes have been installed to serve the wharves and the adjoining warehouses. Some of the coal-loading machines, notably the one which, in less than five minutes, tips over the contents of a 15-ton truck directly into the hold of a ship, are among the first of their kind in Europe. All the appliances used by the constructors of Gdynia were the most modern that could be found.

The eastern end of Gdynia has developed into a holiday resort, with a fine beach, a pier, a casino, and many boarding houses and hotels, all of which are overcrowded in the summer season.

Was the building of Gdynia, which has cost many millions of pounds, justified? The business it is doing fully answers the question. The tonnage of shipping entering the port when it was first opened some thirteen years ago was 40,469 tons. The figure for 1937, the latest available, is over 5,000,000 tons, and in that year the port handled 9,006,000 tons of goods. It must not be imagined that this trade was done at the expense of Danzig. Whereas the tonnage of shipping entering Danzig in 1913, the year before the war, was 925,000 tons, the figure for 1937 is over 4,000,000 tons.

Harold J. Shepstone

I SEE THE HASSELT BREAK (Continued from page 395)

to cave in. Whatever the cause, as far as I could make out on the spot, the engineers at Hasselt were given very little warning of danger. It has often been stated that there had been, for some days, a leakage. It could hardly be called a leakage. Engineer Cogan, a naturalised Russian employed on the canal works, had noticed that on one small section of the dam embankment the grass was greener than elsewhere. He therefore decided to make an investigation at that spot and had a small portion of the earth taken out and filled with gravel.

On the day of the accident he had come, together with two colleagues, to inspect the site. While feeling among the gravel, which was wet, the ground suddenly began to give way. He shouted to his colleagues: "*Sauve qui peut!*" These two men ran along the embankment in a direction away from the lock. Engineer Cogan ran towards the lock, and as he ran the whole embankment under his feet became a churning mass of mud and masonry with nearly 2,000,000 cubic metres of water boiling through to spread itself in a yellow swirl over the adjoining meadows. Cogan was found caught in the barbed-wire fencing of a farm half a mile away. The other two engineers reached safety.

Those who have seen photographs of the disaster have been surprised to observe that on the inner side of the dam, opposite the embankment where the break occurred, the concrete facing had crumpled up as if smashed by great hammers. I was told that this was due to the force of the water permeating the dyke itself. This permeation of water is such that, without the counter-pressure of the water actually in the dam, it reaches a force sufficient to break the defensive layer of concrete. With the normal emptying of the dam, the level of the water in the dyke would also gradually decline; but the sudden and catastrophic emptying of the dam on June 26 left the water in the dyke at high level, and the withdrawal of support from the inner side caused the concrete facing to give way before the pressure from the dyke itself.

And now the Hasselt dam remains a gap in the otherwise completed line of the Albert Canal. Little wonder that it has caused bitter disappointment. "It should not be forgotten," said the Chief Engineer, "that this disaster is great because of the greatness of the undertaking it has interrupted. Once we know the cause, we shall soon repair the damage."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Your immediate assistance is needed to help the above Society in its great work of caring for 1,165 poor boys and girls. These poor children are being maintained and trained to take their places in life. In the Training Ship *Arethusa* boys are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. A special appeal is being made to the readers of THE SPHERE to send donations, large or small, to the headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

The World of Books

MR. PRIESTLEY LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW

And Reflects in the Rain—A Theoretical Biography of the Immortal Bard—A New Book by Pamela Frankau

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY calls RAIN UPON GODSHILL (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) "a further chapter of autobiography." But Mr. Priestley is neither an autobiographer nor a reminiscencer as those words are used in the jargon of the publishers' lists. A writer of his vigour, independence and fecundity is not driven to early intimations except by a halt in his powers of invention, nor does he need to mark time while taking memory's stock of his friends and acquaintances.

When Mr. Priestley looks at yesterday, or at what happened at Khartoum when he went up the Nile; or broods once more upon Broadway while a play of his is being done, he does it in the *tempo* of to-day. He went; he saw; he did this and that; but these things are related to what he is thinking and feeling at the moment of writing. It is an autobiography of the mind, and of a mind a thousand times more interesting and exciting than the record of any number of journeys or impressions done to the tune of I remember.

Readers of *Midnight on the Desert* will recall the method. This time he is looking out from the window of his workroom (a good Priestleyian word for what others call a "study") in the Isle of Wight. "All my five big windows show me the same sullen morning. Not a glimmer of the sun. All the high downs are lost in mist; the fields look sodden; and away over on the left, behind tall elms, there are fine curtains of rain sweeping down upon Godshill."

He lights his pipe and reflects that a New York journalist once wrote quite bitterly that he was "the kind of Englishman who smokes a pipe," and he wonders "what kind of Englishman it is who smokes a pipe, whether I am that kind, and if I am, what is wrong with us."

Later on he had a good deal to say about what he thinks is wrong with us, and also, in terms which will exacerbate the New York journalist, what is right with us. He is as sensible of the solid qualities of his own countrymen as he is of their defects of snobbery and their deference to, and their exploitation by, the "Right People."

It is fashionable to sneer at the middle-class English, at their drabness, lack of imagination, dreary respectability, and so forth. Let them name, he says, "any other single *class*—not a nation, but a section of a nation—that has given the world as much as this despised English middle-class. Why, these dreary pigmies have produced giant after giant, and if you call the roll of them, beginning with no less than William Shakespeare, the wealth of great names and lasting achievements, especially in literature, science, invention, law is staggering. Take away the contribution of this drab and unimaginative class and see how much poorer the world looks. And once out under a clear sky, their own men and women, free of all these webs and mists of false values, these bourgeois English will be citizens fit and ready for noble cities."

This book, then, reveals a clear and purposeful mind. Whatever Mr. Priestley's opinions (and these pages are full of nothing else but opinions) whether we agree with them or not, they are set down in direct language and they are obviously the opinions of a man of good sense.

A famous critic has said that Mr. Priestley at his best can write the heads off most of the people engaged in authorship to-day. There are passages of natural description in this book which reveal him once more to be a master of great English prose; masterly in its simplicity and in its clarity, and bejewelled with a sense of words such as a poet might envy.

Of all the mysteries whose solution has appealed to the writers of fiction, none possibly, even in the field of murder or ships lost at sea, can have had such possibilities as the mystery of William Shakespeare, and his dark lady and Mr. W. H. There is a subject *par excellence* for an imaginative writer, and yet, possibly because of the vast range, it is a subject that novelists have shunned, or postponed or simply ignored. It might be a canvas magnificent enough for a Doge's palace or it might be a portrait with the exquisite precision of the early French school of Clouet; but such a book could be a valuable contribution to students whose researches stop this side of the severely erudite.

Mr. John Brophy's GENTLEMAN OF STRATFORD (Collins. 8s. 6d.) fulfils many fictional requirements. It is a romantic reconstruction of the greatest poet's life, from the rather ambiguous material that exists, and in it Mr. Brophy proffers his theories to account for the failure of the marriage with Ann Hathaway, the unknown benefactor and the great love. His theories are ingenious and, at times, quite inspired and his narrative has that tone of assurance which would make a far less readable book sound authoritative.

Mr. Brophy, as I say, has his own explanations for the major problems which will always face the student of Shakespeare's life, and they are plausible enough, even at their most inventive. Where his novel drags a little is in the too-exact reconstruction of the contemporary speech. For instance, I find such passages as the following, with their all too obvious promise of sonnets and soliloquies to be, harmful rather than anything else to the reader's conception of the poet as a living man.

Shakespeare presents himself at the house of the young Earl of Southampton, to find a surly porter holding the gate. "There are many here come flaunting upon such terms. My lord's a courteous gentleman, but folk will strain his idle words to their own purpose."

Shakespeare's wrath broke about the porter's ears. "How now, fellow? Season this presumption awhile. Because I respect the usages of courtesy with you, do you think I am debased to your degree? Have you not eyes nor ears to sort a gentleman from a throng of suppliant knaves? Go to. Send my name to your master, and have me shown to a waiting chamber. And despatch!"

There is something a little self-conscious about such an exact paraphrase of the idiom of the day which might discourage any but the earnest reader. But haply Mr. Brophy has written for just such a reception, and this criticism is inopportune. In any case, his novel is a thoughtful and studious attempt to help towards a more complete conception of Shakespeare's character, and that in itself is an admirable object.

Nobody who has followed Miss Pamela Frankau's literary career should be surprised to find her attaining the stature of a first rate novelist. Her last novel, *The Devil We Know*, received the accolade of the Book Society, and not without reason. Her new book, A DEMOCRAT DIES (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is, I think, even better.

She has chosen a story in which her gift for swift action and crisp, well-knit dialogue are seen at their best. It is an unfortunate title, because people who turn to fiction nowadays do so in order to get away from democrats and dictators, totalitarians and whatever their opposites happen to be. Nobody turns to a novel caring a hoot whether any one of them dies.

All the same, it is a good story; and if in the course of it a Cabinet minister does get bumped off, so much the better—for the story. Such a minister does get murdered; and suspicion falls upon a variety of people, including a civil servant who would be an intolerable character if Miss Frankau did not relieve the tedium of his make-up with some really amusing witticisms.

A Democrat Dies is, in effect, good anti-crisis reading.

When Mr. Edward Knoblock was approaching the reasoned age of five, his mother made him a bag out of some sturdy material, hung it round his neck, and announced that he was now equipped to go about like the little rag-picker he was. Since that day, though he has graduated from rag-picker to connoisseur, Mr. Knoblock has not ceased to collect, and some of his happiest experiences have been in making the "finds" which now decorate his London home.

ROUND THE ROOM (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is an agreeable, discursive autobiography equally concerned with the stage, with personalities and with the thrills of the true collector. The affectionate detail in which he describes his room is the first clue to this last *faiblesse* and one of the most engaging things about his recital. Mr. Knoblock is, and has been for many years, a distinguished playwright and the collaborator of such literary figures as Arnold Bennett, but there remains in his writing a touch of naiveté which is surprising and rather charming.

"Here are two chairs in the Egyptian style . . . this clock of mine was made by the finest of all bronze makers at the time of Napoleon . . . . my second bust I found in a rubbish heap of a London furniture warehouse for the large sum of one pound. . ."

Is there not something about this innocent "gloat" which recalls the proud inventory of a schoolboy's hoard? In personal reminiscence Mr. Knoblock is as uncomplicated and enthusiastic, and two of his best stories are about Lucien Guitry and Herbert Tree, though the best of all concerns an old Grimsby fisherman, oddly stranded in Rome during the war. The writer found him in a cafe, examining some wrapped up pieces of sugar with awe and disbelief.

"They sometimes do that on the Continent," I said.

"Sugar—wrapped up—each piece!" he remarked solemnly. "Well, all I can say is to find *that* out—it's well worth while 'aving 'ad the war!"

Vernon Fane

READING WITHOUT TEARS

(From an ingenious and instructive little book first published in 1866)

G is like a monkey eating a cake

g is like a pair of spectacles

U is like a jar for flowers

u is like a small jar for flowers with one foot

I is like a post in the street

i is like a child playing at ball

N is like a ladder between two posts

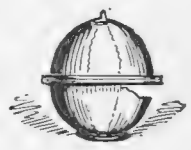
n is like a dog's kennel

N is like a ladder between two posts

n is like a dog's kennel

E is like a carriage with a little seat for the driver

e is like a broken cup with a cover



S is like a snake

s is like a little snake

S is like a snake

s is like a little snake

—but there's nothing like a

GUINNESS

except another Guinness

G.E.865

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

A NEW AUSTIN TWELVE: This new model is really a large car of handsome proportions, with roomy comfort for five persons and ample luggage space. The car shown above is the sliding head model

The Petrol World

THE NEW AUSTIN TWELVE

A Newcomer which Enhances the Enviable Reputation of its Predecessors

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

ALTHOUGH one or two manufacturers' programmes for 1940 have already been published some months, the details of the great majority of the new models have only recently been announced. We have already had particulars of the latest models Austin Eight and Austin Ten, but quite recently a third new Austin model, namely, the Twelve, has appeared. In lines and appearance the new Twelve resembles the new Eight and Ten.

Austin products enjoy an enviable reputation for sound design, manufacture, and dependability. Much of this reputation has been built up by the old Austin Twelve, so that the new model is all the more interesting on that account. The first point the designers had in view was to provide personal transport with plenty of accommodation for the business man and at the same time to give the family owner economical transport with adequate room.

When the new Twelve is examined it will be found that the interior accommodation is more than ample. The front seats are really generous in width and the rear seat, being 46 ins. wide, can definitely accommodate three passengers. A surprising amount of leg and head room is provided and wide windows give a generous amount of light and vision. Added to this, I find that the luggage space has not been cut down, in fact, ample space is provided. In this connection I might mention that four full sets of golf clubs can be carried and there is also the extension formed by the rear panel when dropped which accommodates one hundredweight of extra luggage. The spare wheel is tucked away in a separate compartment. Bearing all this accommodation in mind it is very satisfactory to note that the lines and the appearance of the body are neat and modern.

Turning now to the chassis, the design is more or less orthodox. The engine is mounted on live rubber, which contributes amongst other things to giving the 4-cylinder engine the smoothness usually associated with 6-cylinder units. The cubic capacity of the engine is just over 1½ litres, the tax rating being 11·9 h.p. This power unit boasts of a large-diameter crankshaft and main bearings of bi-metal type. Side valves are employed along with an aluminium cylinder head.

Other details are pump-cooling with thermostat control, Zenith down-draught carburettor, and vacuum-controlled coil ignition. A single-plate clutch with spring drive transmits the power to a gear-box giving four speeds forward and a reverse. Synchromesh engagement for second, third, and top is provided, and a convenient oil-filler orifice along with a dip-stick makes it easy to maintain the oil in this unit at a proper level. Braking is by the Girling system with automatic compensation between the back and front wheels.

The suspension is carried out by long, semi-elliptic springs which have positive lubrication through channels in the interleaving. Double-acting piston type hydraulic shock-absorbers with torsion bar stabilisers contribute to the excellence of the springing. This new Austin is 14 ft. 3 ins. in overall length and 5 ft. 8 ins. in overall width, so that it is a nicely-sized vehicle. Considering that the equipment is definitely complete, the price of the fixed-head saloon, namely £225, definitely makes this new Austin a "value-for-money" car.

The announcement that Sunbeam-Talbots have produced a new 2-litre model must interest every keen motorist. This new car should make an exceedingly strong appeal to those who find a real thrill in driving a vehicle which possesses a great reserve of power. I am told it will leap away after a traffic stop and will increase speed even on top gear on a main road gradient. One of the secrets of this satisfying performance is a high power-to-weight ratio. It is certainly the type of car that has formed the ideal of the average sporting driver for a number of years. It is not too small, nor too large.

The makers claim that it will achieve a definite 80 m.p.h. and that being the case I am glad to note that special attention has been paid to the brakes. These are of very large capacity and of the hydraulic Lockheed type. In addition the car is claimed to have a "roadability" above the average. As both the old Sunbeam and Talbot were famous for this quality it should not be difficult for the present manufacturers to give owners that same delightful feature. The engine has 4 cylinders with side-by-side valves so that there is nothing in the more important features of the layout to prevent the engine having a long life without undue attention. The Sports Saloon costs £315, but there are various other models to suit individual tastes.

The Vauxhall programme for 1940 is definitely enticing. To me these are among the most surprising cars on the road to-day, for although I drive a car which, owing to its size and cost, should be and probably is faster, I always have the greatest difficulty in overtaking a Vauxhall car. There is no doubt that if you want to pass a Vauxhall you have to push the accelerator pedal of your own car almost through the floorboards. From what I can understand, they will put up with the minimum of attention, are tremendously economical to run, and keep on going. One of the reasons for this very enviable performance is that the factory have recruited engineers of international reputation and given them a research building costing £175,000 in which to carry out their experiments and tests.

The supremacy of DUNLOP Tyres in world speed records and track and road racing, may seem of small importance to the average car-owner. Reflect, however, that it is these very tests that give DUNLOP experts the experience necessary to build into your DUNLOP tyres the safety and reliability for which the name DUNLOP is universally famous.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

THE CHARM OF SCOTLAND

Travel Notes of the Week

THERE is an element of gamble in Scottish weather but the travel interest is a "dead cert." I have tackled Ben Lomond in June when mist hung heavily over its sodden slopes, toiled in July up the steps of the Wallace Memorial near Stirling with the wind shrieking around it, rambled by moonlight out to the Braid Hills from Edinburgh, marvelling that November could be so mild, and climbed to the headland at Cromarty, which stands sentinel over the naval base at Invergordon, in glorious sunshine on a late October day. On the whole I have fared best in Scotland in the late summer and early autumn. It is then that the guns go north and the Games are in full swing, so this is not an inopportune moment for some notes on the travel aspect.

There are facilities for covering a lot of ground and looking rather hastily at many places, but to my mind the more leisurely you can take it the better. Fortunately some of the "crack" trains of these islands are on the Scottish routes and the run from London is a matter of only six hours or a little more. They take you well across the border but if you want to see the land of Burns and Scott you can work back from Glasgow and Edinburgh. The genius of their writings is lost on some people, but the country they loved makes an unfailing appeal with its landscapes and the historical interest of Ayr, Dumfries, Melrose, Abbotsford, Dryburgh, Peebles, Selkirk and many other places.

If golf is your motive you can get it at noted centres on both coasts of this southern part of the country—North Berwick, Gullane and Dunbar between the Forth and Tweed, and Troon, Prestwick and Turnberry on the Ayrshire coast.

Edinburgh.—I regard the city as the essential preliminary to any Scottish travel and fortunately there is little risk of the newcomer cutting it out, for it is the natural gateway on the eastern side.

The grace of the city impressed me tremendously when I first went there and ever-widening experience has failed to produce a serious rival. In the meantime it has become still richer by the exquisite Scottish National war memorial, embodying the very rock on which the castle stands, symbolical of the heart of Scotland. The Royal Mile to Holyrood is paved with Scots history and the palace itself provides some fascinating chapters.

If you prefer modernity, comparative at any rate, you have in Princes Street one of the most picturesque thoroughfares in the world and in the Forth Bridge an engineering wonder.

Glasgow.—The other gateway is not the sort of headquarters the holiday-maker chooses, but as a great commercial centre it has travel interest, and its cathedral alone among the great Gothic churches of the south is intact.

Glasgow, however, stands for the Clyde, and if you like paddling about in water craft this is a wonderful part of the world. Some 15 miles down it opens out into the Firth of Clyde and from Greenock and beyond lie a variety of coastal resorts, picturesque islands and beautiful lochs.

The Lochs.—Through the Kyles (or rounding Bute) you enter Loch Fyne which penetrates 50 miles into the heart of Argyllshire and is the longest of the many arms of the Clyde. Some way up the loch is another inlet, Loch Gilp, where the steamers call at Ardrishaig, which has a bus connection with Oban, the gateway to the Western Isles. Near the head of Loch Fyne is the historic royal burgh, Inverary, in a lovely setting of green woods and heather hills.

The Isles.—The 500 islands and islets which lie off the west coast of Scotland really command separate expeditions. I do not suggest you try to visit all the 500, many are not worth it, but Skye is full of lovely scenery and is easily accessible from the mainland railway points, Mallaig and Kyle of Lochalsh.

There are steamer services to the outer islands and you would probably like to see Stornaway in Lewis, Benbecula, the home of Flora Macdonald, and some of the quaint points of call.

The Highlands.—Back on the east coast now, the peninsula of Fife between the Forth and the Tay is full of interest and activity. Out on the coast is St. Andrews, with the oldest university in Scotland and a place of pilgrimage for golfers.

Across the Tay bridge into Angus you are in the country of our Queen's childhood and Kirriemuir—Barrie's "Thrums." The coastline to Aberdeen may draw you, and from the silver city you have the choice of two lines piercing deep into the Highlands, the Don to Alford and the other up Deeside to Ballater, linked by bus to Braemar, of Games fame. Braemar inevitably brings Balmoral to mind.

Another route to the north through Stirlingshire and Perthshire and across the Grampians to Inverness (another fine centre) holds abundant travel interest and still the subject is not exhausted.

Monterey.—Quite a number of people from this country have seen the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco. I wonder how many of them were persuaded to make the journey a little farther south to the Monterey peninsula, one of the many delightful holiday grounds in California.

Probably the greatest of all its attractions is a 17-mile drive winding through the Del Monte forest of cypresses and pines and along the edge of precipices lapped by the Pacific. Bridle paths wind for many miles through the forest and along the shores of the peninsula.

On the peninsula, relatively small though it is, are three towns, Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove, which provide a study in contrasts. Monterey was garrisoned in 1770 by the first governor of California, Don Gaspar de Portola, and it remained the capital of the state until 1849. To this day many relics of the old times may be seen, including the Mexican custom house. It has its modern aspect as well and knows how to enjoy life. Carmel, on the side of a wooded hill, draws artists and writers by its personality. Pacific Grove cannot be accused of stagnation since it has a municipal pool and golf course, but life goes along very placidly.

Cordoba.—If you are making a South American tour, Buenos Aires will certainly be in the itinerary, and in that grand city your attention will inevitably be attracted by invitations to visit Cordoba. It is worth doing because Cordoba is the gateway to the mountainous region known as the Sierras which has in time been developed as a tourist resort. The town is rather more than 400 miles from Buenos Aires and is roughly midway between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of South America. The journey takes from ten to twelve hours and one way at any rate should be made by day, for the changing panorama justifies making it by day.

English is spoken in the villages of the Sierras, our people going there from Buenos Aires and other cities of Argentine to enjoy the natural charm and facilities for sport which abound.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

4,800 BABIES CRIPPLES BOYS & GIRLS NOW IN OUR HOMES

42,000 CHILDREN ALREADY PROVIDED FOR

Please Help!

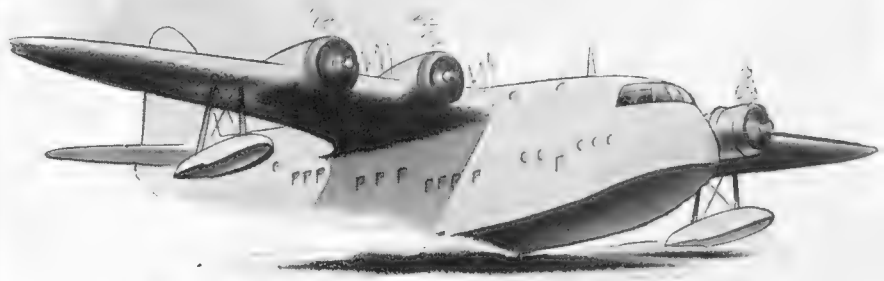
Bankers: Barclays Ltd.

DAVID is now one of our large family in the care of the Society. Motherless, fatherless, unwanted cruelly-treated, they came to the Society for a home.

WILL YOU PLEASE THINK OF THE HUNDREDS OF NEEDY CHILDREN WHO STILL NEED A HELPING HAND?

Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11.



£1.14.8 will send The SPHERE overseas for six months

THE SPHERE,
32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

GENTLEMEN,

Please enter a Subscription to The SPHERE *for* □ *Twelve months* (*£3.0.10. Abroad £3.5.6*). □ *Six months.* (*Inland £1.11.7. Abroad £1.14.8*) *for which I enclose cheque/postal order.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TAKE IT WITH YOU WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY TRAIN

Even you cannot buy more economically

No one knows better than members of the Medical Profession how important it is that toilet paper should be smooth, soft and pure. And no one knows better than they that in Bronco you have the smoothest, softest and purest toilet paper it is possible to buy. Added to this superfine quality is value without equal. Approximately 700 full-sized sheets are in every roll . . . *phenomenal* value.

ALSO IN INTERLEAVED FORM
6d. per carton

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Made only by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.9

AUSTRALIA

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
RIVIERA, ITALY, EGYPT.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

HELP
URGENTLY NEEDED
for training Crippled Girls

Ninety per cent. of the girls in our Crippleage are unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry! They are happy under our care, but thousands of other crippled girls dread the future because they cannot earn a living unaided.

We want to help these. And we CAN. By patience and sympathetic understanding, we train such cripples to make artificial flowers and so enable them to become partially self-supporting.

Unfortunately, it is all we can do to maintain our present strength—340 girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell. The "WAITING LIST" grows bigger and bigger.

Must we continue to turn a deaf ear to these appeals for help?

WILL YOU JOIN WITH THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THIS NOBLE WORK TO BE EXTENDED?

Annual Report gives fuller details. Please write for a copy.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION
37, Sekforde St., Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel. Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Cologne. Schweizerhof. Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms. fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms, Garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—Verenahof and Ochsen.—1st. cl. highly cultured fam. htl. Mod. comft. 100 med. (thermal) bths. in htl. mod. trms.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orchestra. Dancing. Pension fr. 15. Electrically hted. swim. pl. Tennis. Wlkng. Mntaineering.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr. 13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lenzerheide. — Grand Hotel Kurhaus. — Leading first-class hotel. Best position. Large private prk. Open-air restrnt. Trms frm Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from frc. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel —Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Bst. lke. side sit. 100 rms. all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly. all incl. terms in £.

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k, B'th'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina.
The Kronenhof.
The traditional English House.

Pontresina—The Palace.—First-class in every way. Own Tennis Courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite. Season June 15 to end of September.

Spiez.—B.O. Spiezerhof.—On lakeside, leading hotel of district, all modern comforts. Private bathing in own grounds. Booklets, Boss, prop.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F Borter, Propr.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pension terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 up.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sitn. at entrance to Swiss National Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant and bar.

THE CUSTOMER IS KING

It is on that principle that industry is organized: it is that principle which advertising serves. Mass production succeeds by meeting individual human needs: advertising succeeds by giving the customer the widest possible field of choice and ensuring the highest standards of quality. Advertising therefore does not dictate—it persuades. Advertising does not conceal—it reveals. And at all times advertising respects the sovereign right of the customer to use his own judgment. . . . Thus it is true to say that

ADVERTISING

is the democratic method of making the best readily available to the greatest number.

CVS-24

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS

Conway Stewart

BY sturdy unfailing service CONWAY STEWART Pens have proved their worth a thousand-fold. In business and home, in college and school the CONWAY STEWART is regarded by millions as a valued and trusty friend.

Other favourite models

"Duro" No. 26 (oversize) 21/-
"Conway Stewart" No. 35 - 17/6
"Conway Stewart" No. 226 - 10/6
"Conway" 475 - 7/6
"Universal" 479 - 5/6
"Dinkie" 540 - - 5/6

Of all Stationers and Stores

Coloured Catalogue post free from the Manufacturers:

CONWAY STEWART & Co., Ltd.
(Makers of good pens for over 30 years)
75/82 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

No. 286 12/6 The Pen of Pens

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A dusty, germ-laden atmosphere or a chilly evening can easily cause a Summer cold—dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs before they become dangerous. Vapex is perfectly safe for children.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V184A THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

CORNS
INSTANT SURE RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl Zino-pads relieve pain instantly; stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters; ease tight shoes, safely remove corns. 1/3 pkt.

Dr. Scholl Zino-pads

A Perfect Setting . . .
that will increase the enjoyment of good food and service.

HINTON FIRS HOTEL

A Country House in BOURNEMOUTH

Standing in a garden, a hundred yards from the edge of the East Cliff, a few minutes from the amusements of the town.

THE **ROSEMULLION**

Overlooking the sea in an unspoilt corner of South Devon. Rooms with or without bath : private suites. Excellent golf and many other sporting facilities.
Write R. K. Lee, director. A.A., R.A.C.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON

So near TO TOWN

Just a short run, 22 miles from Town, but it takes you to peace and quiet, to riding, tennis or golf, to fastidious comforts.

And yet—so far AWAY FROM CARE

There are 40 bedrooms, 22 bathrooms, at the Berystede, in a sylvan setting of 14 acres of woods and gardens. Tariff from the Manager.

BERYSTEDE

ASCOT, BERKS. phone : 888

SEEING SCENERY afloat, afoot or awheel is an inevitable pleasure for those staying at Falmouth. Be you a yachtsman, motorist, or a humble rambler among the glories of the Cornish coast, you, your wife and your family will realise a Summer holiday ideal at . . .

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

A.A. Own Private Pier. R.A.C. Craft of all kinds for hire. Magnificent New Sun Lounge.
Write to S. Taylor for details. *Telephone : Falmouth 440-1*

In Quest of

The Cheerful Comfort of the Hotel Where You Get the

EVERY now and then one comes across an hotel which is head and shoulders above its rivals. It is acknowledged without question by one and all to be the principal hotel in its area. Such places are obviously few and far between, for a place has to be really first-class and in an exceptionally all-round field if even its own rivals are to admit themselves vanquished.

When these places do occur, they are not easily forgotten. Such a one is the Adelphi at Liverpool—a hotel of nation-wide reputation, which is well known, on account of its American connections, on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Adelphi is one of the L.M.S. group of hotels, and yet it always seems inappropriate that the Adelphi should be a member of this, or any other group. For it is as individual as can be. From the moment when you pass through its revolving doors, which open off one of Liverpool's busiest thoroughfares, you are conscious of an atmosphere of spaciousness and coolness and quiet—and, above all, friendliness.

The first secret of the success of this great hotel is in its friendliness. The reception clerks, the liftmen, the chamber-maids, even the head-waiters—all combine to create for you an atmosphere of personal welcome. The bedrooms are pleasantly and sumptuously furnished, and yet the furnishings and decorations are in a certain way unobtrusive ; so that, from the moment when you unpack your bags and hang your own clothes in the wardrobe and arrange your own toilet accessories on the dressing-table, the room becomes in a surprising way your own room.

It is an interesting fact that it is fully as easy to make yourself "at home" in a big luxury hotel as in the most charming of bijou guest-houses . . . on one condition. The condition is that your big hotel must be run—as is the Adelphi—with the greatest possible attention to detailed comfort of individual guests. And when a big hotel is so run, the feeling of being able to do exactly what you like, and having room to do it in, is one of the most homely that can be experienced.

I write at length about this indefinable atmosphere at the Adelphi because I consider that it is that which distinguishes it from the other hotels in the country of the same class and type. But in more material fields, there is everything that you could wish for—from squash courts, swimming pool, Turkish baths and hairdressing saloons in the basement, to the most attractive bedrooms with really delightful views

An Edge to your Appetite

Jaded? Depressed? Nervy? Yawning? Fine moorland air, plus some bath treatment at The Cairn, Harrogate, is the best "medicine" in the world.

Add to that the life at The Cairn—tennis, golf, dancing, bridge, billiards, a choice cuisine, and a cheerful staff.

You will be as hungry as a hunter after a few days at

THE CAIRN
HARROGATE

FIVE-STAR A.A. IN ALL BUT PRICE

THERE'S PEACE and COMFORT
for you and your family far from any industrial centre at

LINCOMBE HALL
The Garden Hotel of Torquay

South aspect—beautiful grounds. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms—many with private bath. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.

*WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE AND SECURE YOUR ACCOMMODATION **NOW***

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

PARK HALL
TORQUAY

within sight and sound of the sea. Moderate terms include FREE GOLF (18 holes), Tennis, Squash, Badminton, Billiards and Bridge. Refurnished and redecorated throughout. Full particulars from Miss R. Ross, Mgrss.
'Phone Torquay 3434

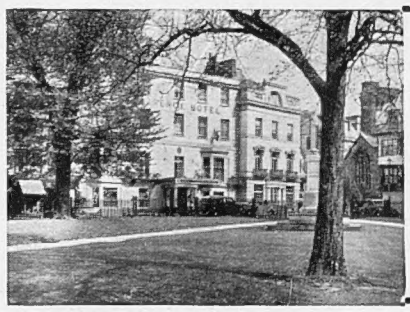
Have You Ever?

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors ?
. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?
. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur ?
. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME IN EARLY AUTUMN TO

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone : Newquay 2211*



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER

—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence at any time of the year. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.
Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."
Telephone : Tunbridge Wells 1911

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .
How many country hotels can boast such an amenity ?
It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park : 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone : Twyford 106.
Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Adelphi at Liverpool — An Best at Very Reasonable Terms

high up on the sixth floor. I am told that the staff of the Adelphi, including such unseen benefactors as the laundry-workers, and so on, numbers nearly eight hundred. Whether this is accurate or not I cannot say; but I will vouch for the fact that it is not much out—and this will give you some indication of the extent of the undertaking and achievement required to run such a place.

The secret of it, I suspect, is that the hotel is always busy. It is the principal hotel in a city of nearly a million inhabitants. It has, from time to time, such artificial stimuli as race meetings at Aintree, etc., to swell its numbers, and at all times lean seasons are ensured against by the steady flow of Atlantic travellers who embark and disembark at Liverpool docks. There is never a feeling of emptiness or deadness about the Adelphi; and this must react as favourably on the staff and management as on the visitors.

One word more. I can picture many of my readers saying to themselves, "All very well to talk in terms of the Adelphi at Liverpool, but we have to spend on a far more homely scale." Well, there you may be surprised! I have often pointed out that the difference between "an expensive hotel" and "a cheap hotel" is very little, when consideration is taken of the amount that you get for your money, and the degree of comfort you can enjoy.

I recently stayed at the Adelphi. My excellent single room (in most hotels it would have been a double) cost me 10s. 6d. a day. My excellent breakfast cost me 3s. 6d. For other meals, I had a choice of an inexpensive brasserie, the ordinary hotel dining room, or the famous French restaurant, according to my mood. My drinks were charged at prices which were strictly competitive with many a lesser hostelry. In fact, I think it is true to say that, without claiming en pension terms, my stay at the Adelphi was costing me perhaps 3s. 6d. a day more than if I had stayed at a three-star commercial, culled at random from the A.A. book. Never was there a better example of the best being cheapest in the long run!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE. *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

In a lovely Garden Square . . .

Stanhope Court will make excellent headquarters for the Autumn season and the ideal "town house" for men and women who appreciate comfort, economy and tasteful surroundings. Like all the "North" Hotels, it is splendidly situated in the heart of fashionable London—a minute's walk from bus or tube and a few minutes' ride from the West End and City.

STANHOPE COURT HOTEL

STANHOPE GARDENS . SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

A first-class private hotel—quiet without, comfort within. 100 delightful bedrooms, each with running water, central heating and telephone. Terms, completely inclusive, from 4 guineas a week. Brochure and tariff gladly sent on request.

TELEPHONE . FROBISHER 1101 (6 lines)

SCOTLAND

You can stay at—

EDINBURGH'S

most modern luxury hotel at ordinary hotel prices

A private bathroom to every bedroom. Bedside Telephones. In the heart of Edinburgh's modern and historical interests. Silver Grill. Orchestra. Cocktail Bar. Garage adjoining. Scottish, English and American Cuisine. A.A. ****

Room with private bathroom and breakfast from 12s. 6d.

NEW CARLTON

Tel.: Edinburgh 32811 'Grams: Bestotel, Edinburgh

Where Holidays cost less—

THE STATION HOTEL, OBAN

Offers you a satisfying and economical holiday from **18s.** per day inclusive. 120 comfortable and commodious rooms. Tempting food, alert service and supreme comfort. For further particulars apply—Miss S. Macdonald, Manageress.

Telephone: Oban 14. *R.A.C. and R.S.A.C.*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The New Ship Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Moreton-in-Marsh.—Manor House Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Oban.—The Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE. They show British warship types—a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-Carrier—and there is a centre-piece showing the R.M.S. "Queen Mary." You will find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal present for a boy or girl at home or overseas.

BOUND IN A "LEATHER FINISH" COVER (20½" × 14½") PRICE 3/6 (By Post: Inland 4/3: Foreign and Eire 4/6)

Obtainable from W. H. Smith & Son's branches, and principal Booksellers, or direct from The Publisher:—

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 32-34, ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*September* 9, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.